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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

Vol. 17 **May 1984** **NO. 5**

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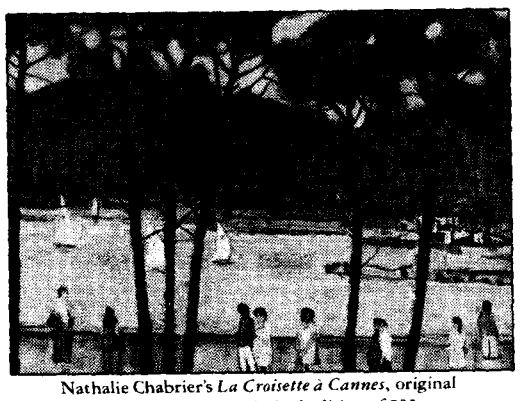

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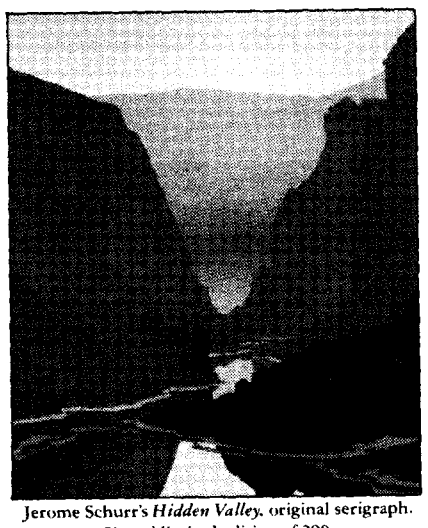

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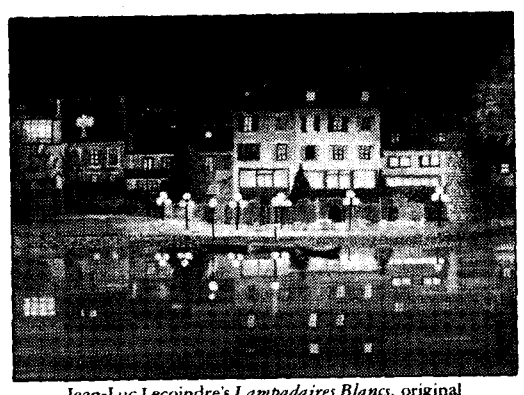

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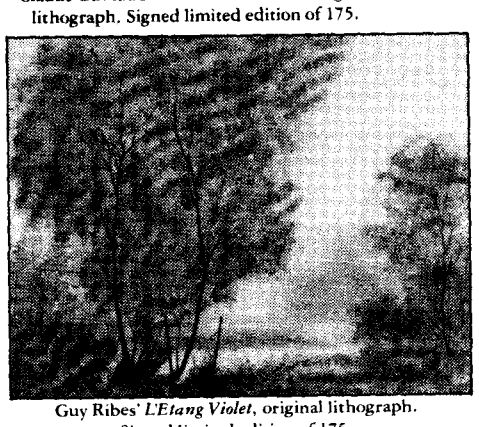

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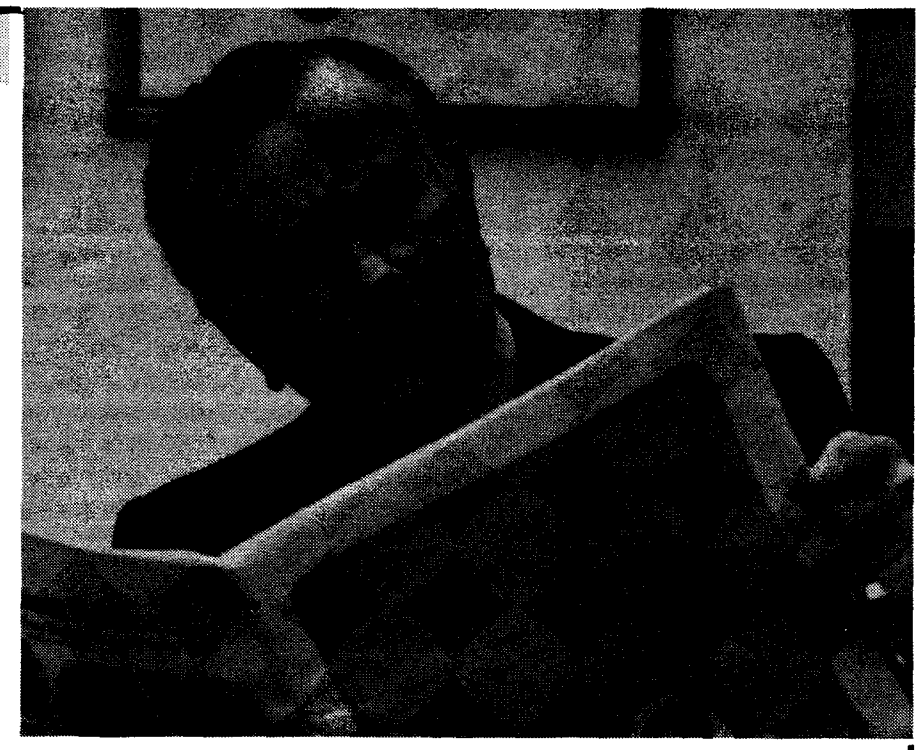

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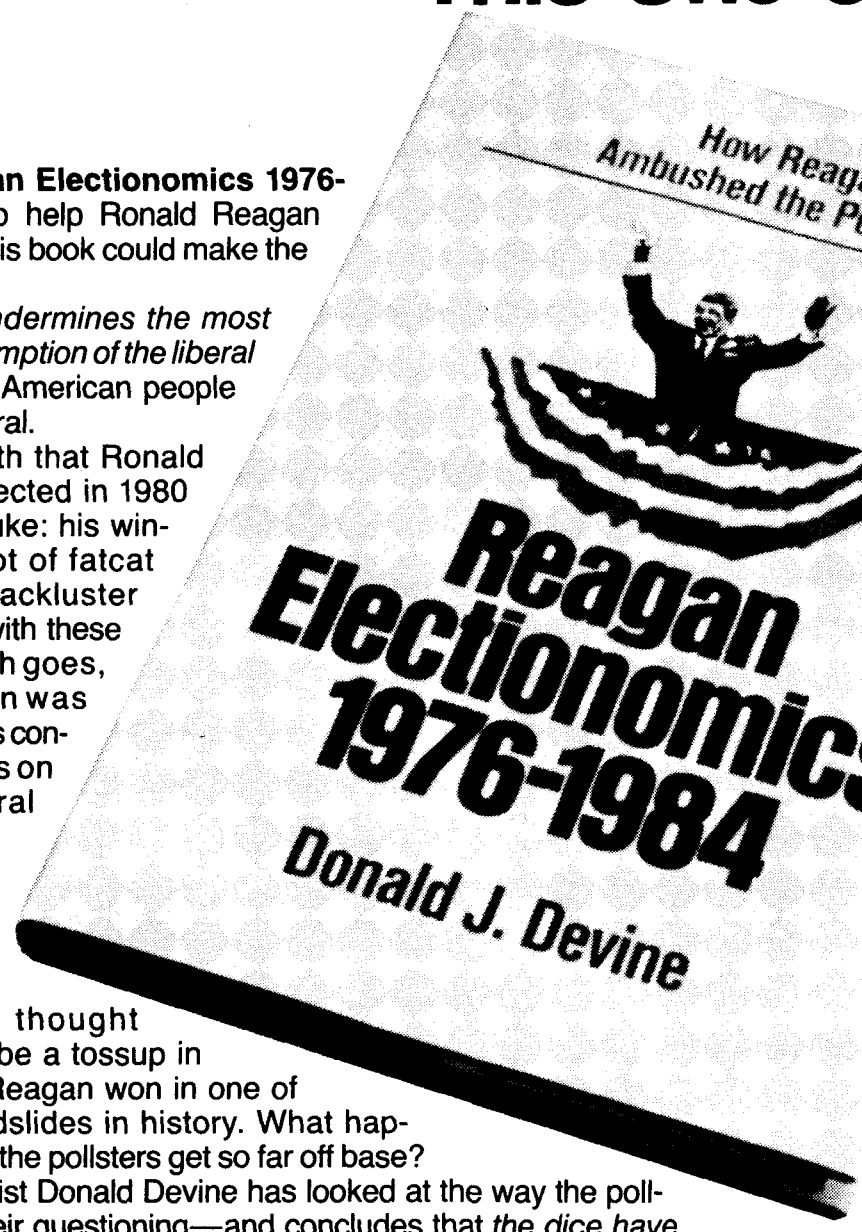

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•February deliquesced into March, and the Democrats' lying matches continued with unparalleled lubricity as the various Jeremiahs and Messiahs sashayed into New Hampshire for the Republic's first actual primary and then on across the country, always gabbling madly and almost never uttering a true statement. By the end of March only three were left, all of whom sounded surprisingly like candidate Henry Wallace of Campaign '48, and two of whom had by the end of March proved themselves to be blatant liars of a sort that would not have been tolerated by the pundits or even the pols in prior decades, and they had tolerated Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

•Nevertheless none of the investigative journalists nor any of the less specialized members of the press could bring themselves to observe the obvious, to wit: that the Rev. Jackson had repeatedly lied about his ethnic slur and that the Hon. Hart had repeatedly lied about the origins of his weird biographical refurbishments. Anyone can call the President of the United States anything and the dullards in the press credulously pass it on. Yet not one of them pauses to observe that proven liars are proven liars. In fact as March wore on they were reduced to being mere hacks for the fabulists, and they duly reported the Rev. Jackson and the Hon. Hart's charges that it was Ronald Reagan's integrity that was at issue. The Rev. Jackson called him "the master of deceit," while the Hon. Hart charged that the administration was "one of the most marginally ethical in our lifetime." There, of course, are two more lies for you, yet in the news forums no one calls either of these men a liar, probably because objective truth has no place in our public morality. If it did, it would be at the expense of sentimentality, thus inhibiting the journalists from feeling as grand as fairy godmothers whenever they write on public matters.

•In truth, the journalists have been hornswoggled repeatedly in this campaign. Observed the authoritative Hendrick Smith in the *New York Times* on the very day of the New Hampshire primary: "With Senator John Glenn continuing to fade and no new challenger emerging strongly, Walter F. Mondale now holds the most commanding lead ever recorded this early in a Presidential nomination campaign by a non-incumbent, according to the latest *New York Times*/CBS News Poll. . . . The findings were made known on the eve of the nation's first primary election today in New Hampshire in which all eight of the Democratic candidates are competing." Then kaboom! A miracle took place. Jimmy Carter's Vice President was soundly thumped by George McGovern's 1972 campaign director. The battle was joined and throughout the rest of the month these two insufferable gasbags competed to establish which was more gifted in empathizing with the needs and aspirations of a New York City bag lady.

•Egads, it has been a morbid race! Here we are, well into America's healthiest economic recovery in history, and the Democratic contenders for the presidential nomination are depicting America as a land of oppression, disease, and destitution. Moreover, so plentiful now are the cranks in the Democratic party that by the end of the month the only candidates who might be classified as wholesome were out of the running and broke. Imagine, over the next months we shall be hearing the competing sobs and whines of Mondale, Hart, and the Rev. Jackson—and this *opéra bouffe* will only end in a sublime culmination on a convention floor in San Francisco in the heat of summer. Do not be surprised if the Democratic acceptance speech is made by a man wearing a diaper and carrying a baseball bat, and do not be surprised if the diaper falls off while Mr. Dan Rather interviews him. Quite possibly his name will be Kennedy.

•Certainly the boy senator's standing as presidential material shot up last month when his nephew, Mr. Robert F. Kennedy, Jr., was given two years probation on a heroin charge, such is the pathological mentality of Kennedyites. And an apt vice presidential candidate may be found in New Bedford, Massachusetts where police report that 80-year-old Mr. Carlos Mello was repeatedly beaten by his wife for three days. "His wife did not allow him to sleep during this same period," the cops report, "and when he tried, she grabbed his genitals (and) pulled, squeezed, and twisted them until he could not stand the pain any longer and he would just stay awake." Now there is testimony sure to electrify that San Francisco convention hall! In Sao Paulo, Brazil two elderly burglars, "trying," according to authorities, "to relive the good old days when both had reputations as being among the city's most skilled burglars," were caught *flagrante delicto* owing to infirmities mainly associated with old age. And the eminent *Washington Post* reports

(continued on page 47)

Luigi Barzini 1908-1984

Luigi Barzini, who was so important to this magazine in his last years, was not a simple man, and so the customary charnel poetry will not do. He was a superb writer who had also served the *Partito Liberale Italiano* in the Italian Chamber of Deputies. Thus he came from a different age than most, and a richer tradition.

He was a devotee of liberty, an individualist, and a skeptic. To some he was a cynic, but there is a picture of him campaigning in 1963 that belies that finding. There the greatest journalist in Italy stood in the empty square of a provincial town, declaiming his political credenda to a crowd composed of but one inquisitive little boy.

The individualist was unique in matters large and small. He was immensely learned but a terror to pedants. His library contained the classics and reference books in many fields, but it also contained the latest monographs from a wide range of scholars and sophisticated periodicals in at least four languages. His taste was impeccable and often hilariously earthy. Almost to his last days he enjoyed the good things of this world, but he was never jaded, and in the end he called in an American Jesuit, the services to be performed in Bernini's Santa Andrea in Rome, the burial in Orvieto next to his famous father. Luigi admired and was thoroughly familiar with fine tailoring, wines, food, literature, music, women, olive oil and tomatoes—he was an accomplished gardener, yachtsman, and horseman.

His laugh was incomparable as was his growl, which I discovered upon making a vague reference to the value of brute force when pitted against the impregnably stupid. Luigi was contemptuous of force as well as stupidity. He had lived with the ill-effects of both, and with a rare sense of history's sweep chose wit, irony, ratiocination, and elegant prose. He was a thoroughly literary man, one of the best stylists of our language. He relished stories and told them well. In his last years he read a minimum of six hours a day whether those around him liked it or not. Then he wrote. To the end he wrote very well.

Words came to him easily, but he wrote books with the most exacting care. The books, he would say, are for your grandchildren; they will be on the bookshelves for a long time. His most famous book, *The Italians,* took a decade to write, the publishers say, but I suspect it took longer.

He was engaged in the most crucial issues of his time, but he insisted that the most important division was only between the intelligent and the unintelligent. His intelligence was keen and unflagging. It was particularly keen in sensing the differences among peoples, as he demonstrated just last year in his grand book, *The Europeans,* which contained a trenchant chapter on America, the final destination for so many millions of Europeans.

America fascinated him, and no European since Tocqueville has understood it better. Unlike most cosmopolitans, America was much more to Luigi than just New York or Washington. Last year, at 74, he insisted on visiting Bloomington. He flew in for a weekend, charmed the indigenes, and departed as familiar with the region's assets and shortcomings as if he had been living there for twenty years.

Luigi believed in the civilized virtues of an open and self-critical society. He favored a united Europe, but there was no trace of utopianism or instant perfectionism in him at all. That would have been too easy a course. In fact, he never followed an easy course, so far as I know. He often smiled over how at home he was here, and many Italians angrily suspected that he preferred America to Italy. Actually, of course, he was most at home in Rome where he lived grandly in a spacious villa on the Via Cassia behind a Roman column. There with his books, his capacious treasury of stories, and his gardens he exemplified all the best qualities of the liberal and the conservative. He always inspired me to thought, and he always made me laugh, but how can we laugh when we shall miss him so much?

—RET

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C O N T E N T S

The Deficit Reduction Industry.....Gregory A. Fossedal 12
A guide to deficit reduction guides.

John Lukacs Outgrows Conservatism.....T. John Jamieson 15
When Dr. Lukacs appears to be right about something, it may only be a coincidence.

Jesse Jackson: The Great Man's Practice.....Richard Grenier 18
Don't let him look you in the eye.

Jesse Jackson: The Great Man's Conscience...Werner J. Dannhauser 21
Being a conscience is not the same as having one.

Jesse Jackson: The Great Man's Populism.....William Tucker 22
White liberals, watch out!

DEPARTMENTS

The Continuing Crisis..... 6
Editorials/Fritz, My Fritz/Morality Lessons...R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 8
Capitol Ideas/The Hive Perceives.....Tom Bethell 9
Presswatch/Whence Hartpence?.....Fred Barnes 25
The Nation's Pulse/Where's the Bread?.....Don Herzog 26
The Talkies/Against All Bods.....Martha Bayles 30
The Great American Saloon Series/Quaffing in Massachusetts.....
.....Joe Mysak 31
Correspondence..... 32
Spectator's Journal/Hollywood's Mr. Antinuke: A Conversation.....
.....Marjorie Lewellyn Marks 44
Current Wisdom.....Assorted Jackasses 48

BOOK REVIEWS

Real Peace, by Richard Nixon.....Mark Falcoff 33
The Death Penalty: A Debate, by Ernest van den Haag and John P. Conrad.....Jeremy Rabkin 35
Dark Horse: A Biography of Wendell Willkie, by Steve Neal.....
.....Richard Brookhiser 37
The Discoverers, by Daniel J. Boorstin.....Antony Flew 40
Culture and Politics, by Ronald Berman.....John R. Turner 42
Kathy Boudin and the Dance of Death, by Ellen Frankfort.....
.....Eugene H. Methvin 43

Cover drawing by Elliott Banfield

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EDITORIALS

FRITZ, MY FRITZ

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

It is with unexpected melancholy that I have witnessed Walter Mondale's democratic ordeal. I have attempted to stifle it, but the gloom is relentless. After all, Mondale is what we Americans call a nice man. That is a fact. He is genial, easily amused, and gregarious. Moreover, he is a pol who has paid his dues. He has been at it all his adult life, beginning as a greenhorn with the menial stuff that our would-be Messiahs must dispatch during their incunabular stage, but moving ever upward: Minnesota's attorney general, U.S. senator, Vice President. A further ascension is now problematic, yet he has only himself to blame.

Mondale has been in the reform wing of the Democratic party all his political life, which is to say he has scowled at the bosses, the conventions, the smoke-filled rooms. All those hellish Tammanyite ornaments of democracy are gone now thanks to the reformers, but with them went the organizational framework that gave the party an effective relationship with the voters.

Today's Democratic party is dominated by a congeries of special interests, but they are erratic at getting out the vote. Their leaders have overwhelmingly endorsed Mondale and have given him a vast campaign chest. Even the National Organization for Women thumps for him. Yet neither illustrious names nor money has been able to scotch the neoteric aura about Gary Hart; and, alas, it has been liberal reformers like Mondale who have made this idiotic value of "newness" a political value. The Democratic party today is not so much a political party as a milling herd, and the herd is easily stampeded.

Then too it is a sad irony to see the hard-pressed Mondale attacked for his promises to "special interests." Coming from liberals this is a low blow. The creativity and diversity of their promises have been a source of pride with them, not to say vanity. Think of their promises to labor, the blacks, the old, the young, the fat, the bald. The liberals' promises are what convince them that they are Ronald Reagan's moral superiors. Are there any in their pious hordes who can with clear conscience fault Mondale for his promises?

Yes, we are told, neoliberals like Gary Hart. Actually, there is little new about neoliberalism, save the prefix and jargon. It is simply inaccurate to think of neoliberals as the Left's equivalent of neoconservatives. For the most part neoconservatives are people who were once liberals but sobered up. The neoliberal is one who has always been a liberal but now replaces the sentimental pieties with brusque slogans ("High-Tech!") and unpronounceable programs. All else stays the same.

Truth be known, Hart and Mondale are two liberals in a pod. Consider what they squabbled about in early March: their comparative ardor for the freeze and for feminism. Consider the groups they court: the National Education Association, NOW.

It is true that there are differences, but mainly in style. Mondale is the Moralist. Hart is the Enigma. The Moralist has replaced the machine pol and the Southern orator as the traditional Democrat. The Enigma is a political prodigy of the 1970s, which, for those of us with the capacity to recollect those faraway days of 1976, is distressing. The past wizards of this act are such palpable failures as Jerry Brown and Jimmy Carter, both of whom stressed their braininess, their capacity for engorging upon both liberalism and conservatism, their outside persona, personal "complexity" as a dispensation from apparent contradictions, and a sudden weird meanness when what appeared to be petty hypocrisy peeped out from behind the curtain. In sum, they cultivated a kind of weirdness that conferred a fantastic allure upon their campaigns. They were fine campaigners and failed leaders.

Unfortunately in the party that Mondale has reformed weirdness on the campaign trail appears to be inescapable. Without effective party leaders and conventional political apparatuses to bring in the vote the Democratic nominating process has become an existential beauty contest revolving around "the message" and "the personality." Mondale's act involves his roaming the country spouting such flumdiddle as 'Where's the heart? Where's the soul?" His message is his mystical affinity for the suffering masses. Hart's is his mystical affinity for the future. Call me old-fashioned, but I find it all weird and, in a nice man like Mondale, sad. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

MORALITY LESSONS

Apparently the first obligation of every White House appointee and nominee is to serve as raw material for the American soap opera industry, particularly that annex of the industry that has arrogated the term journalism. In the Carter Administration Tim Kraft, Ham Jordan, and Bert Lance dutifully served this high purpose. Even the President is expected to serve, as President Carter learned when the reporters called him onto the carpet to explain the dark intricacies of the sale of his fabulous peanut warehouse.

Now it is the Reagan Administration's appointees who are learning their roles in our national morality pageants, and for three years various ill-starred eminentoes have been duly responding to the lurid charges lodged by suspicious journalists and congressional investigating committees. Only one Reagan appointee has been convicted of any crime whatsoever. Yet the Democrats now speak portentously of the Republicans' "moral character," and recently in Iowa the Hon. Hart adjudged the Administration's ethics as unparalleled throughout the long, sordid history of the Republic; and forget not that before he lost all recollection of his age and the circumstances of his name-change the Hon. Hart was a student at the Yale Divinity School!

This creation of melodrama where theretofore only dull government toil was spied is a fascinating process. Ominous stories appear in the press. A barrage of inquiries from the journalists falls upon the fated appointee.

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Overnight the head of the National Security Council, the head of the Central Intelligence Agency, the Secretary of the Navy, and all manner of smaller fish are turned from their governmental tasks and obliged to provide us with thrills on the evening news and opportunities for Pulitzer Prizes.

"Since Ronald Reagan took office," an inflamed *New York Times* reporter revealed last month, "more than a dozen high-level officials have resigned, been investigated or been forced to explain their actions after charges of impropriety." "Forced to explain their actions," what pale representation of scandal is this? Moreover what kind of ethical issue is it? Well, for the credulous it is a scandal to curl the hair; and for the Democrats whose policies and presidential contenders are so thunderously unfetching it is an issue on the order of "fifty-four forty or fight."

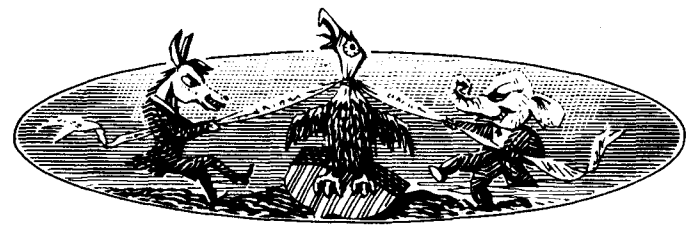
Currently in our nation's capital we have two more appointees jumping through the journalists' hoops and otherwise being sweated by the news industry at taxpayers' expense. They are the sinister Edwin Meese, President Reagan's nominee for attorney general, and Leslie Lenkowsky, a Democrat whose appointment as deputy director to the United States Information Agency was a shoo-in until it was discovered that someone somewhere at the USIA had compiled a list of speakers to be barred from USIA trips. Did Lenkowsky know about this Procrustean tool of Reaganite totalitarianism? If he cannot prove his ignorance, back to New York he, his wife, and two children will be sent and under a very dark cloud.

Of these two scoundrels Meese is providing greater melodrama. His imbroglio involves money, cuff links, and the mysterious Carter briefing papers. Lenkowsky's is merely a question of whether he knew about the infamous list (now reported to be a bureaucratic record of the 95 or so speakers rejected by political appointees out of the 5000 accepted over two-and-a-half years). Lenkowsky says he abolished the list when he heard of it, which is perfectly plausible. He is a life-long Democrat, and Democrats are politically savvy enough to know intuitively whom to invite to represent them. Republicans are comparatively quite ignorant. They need lists.

There are two lessons to be learned here. The first is for the White House. If it wishes to avoid future imbroglios such as the Meese grilling, do not appoint middle-class salary-earners. Appoint the really rich who can afford to lose money in their moves to Washington, and fire those in the White House who allow such puny scandals to grow vast and bloodcurdling. I suggest that former Secretary of the Treasury William Simon be brought in. He is as rich as Croesus, and he makes it all himself. Not only that, he is Reaganite to the core.

The second lesson is for those who create these melodramas. In fine, these scandals are an embarrassment to America. We should have scandals as great as America is great. By law each administration should have to appoint a few certifiable grafters to positions of public trust. Anyone familiar with urban politics knows where to find likely candidates. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



THE HIVE PERCEIVES

by Tom Bethell

Well, don't say I didn't give you plenty of warning about the vilification of Ed Meese. The interesting thing is that the charges have been *ad hoc,* unforeseeable from day to day as to their specifics, but in the aggregate completely predictable. It was in *January* that the *Washington Post* editorialized: "Nothing about this transfer is likely to be tranquil. Fasten your seat belts." At that time the editorial writer can have had no idea what specific form the Meese accusations would take. But they were nevertheless foreseeable, because Meese was known to be an ideological enemy of the apostate communion known as the Hive, and he was threatening to take over one of its key cells, the Justice Department.

There are now so many good-government laws on the books, designed precisely to trip up unwary stalwarts like Meese, that he could predictably be shown to have left one or two *t*'s uncrossed and *i*'s undotted: enough for the Hive to come swarming in filling the airwaves with their hypocritical indignation about "sleaze" and influence peddling. In fact Meese (as everyone in the news media knows perfectly well) has made personal sacrifices to work for the government.

This is unjust, but the Republican party could be the beneficiary if in the future Washington appears to be too much of a minefield for those inept senior corporate types who have routinely held key posts in Republican administrations. President Reagan will have learned the right lesson if henceforth he avoids appointing people to top posts because they were once next door neighbors, old friends of Nancy, or golfing partners well known to good old J.B. from the Palisades Country Club.

Reagan instead should look for people who are in philosophical agreement with himself. (Meese is a rare instance.) These are most likely to be found among Democrats, as some of Reagan's best appointees (e.g., Jeane Kirkpatrick) attest. The good thing about disaffected Democrats is that they know how to fight the ideological war in progress and they are greatly helped by knowing that there *is* such a war. (J.B. and his pals toot-tooting their way around the golf course have not yet been informed of the fact and are unlikely to find out for themselves.)

The attack on Meese demonstrates, if we needed any further demonstration, that we live in a new McCarthy era—call it the time of Media-McCarthyism. Martin Agronsky of "Agronsky & Co.," the slow-paced syndicated talk show, recently observed that whether or not the various charges against Meese have substance, there is a "perception" that they do, and therefore his performance as attorney general would be impaired. Joe McCarthy, you should be with us in this hour!

Substitute the word "accusation" every time you hear the word "perception" in the media, and you will readily see that we now live in an age of vilification by "perception." Can you imagine how the liberals would have reacted if Joe McCarthy had said, "Whether or not my charges are true, there is a perception that they are, and so the performance of State Department officials has been significantly impaired."

One of the key points about the Hive is that its members communicate (openly) with one another in a slowly shifting language, the purpose of which is to erode definition, blur meanings, and above all to advocate its program (neo-socialism) in the guise of responding pragmatically to one al-

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leged crisis after another. "Perception" is a good example of Hive talk. I stress also that the use of Hive vocabulary is for the most part unconscious (as indeed is everyday language), and it is commonly used by those who do not necessarily have any sympathy for or even awareness of the Hive's goal.

Here, for example, are the first few sentences of a recent column by James J. Kilpatrick. To translate it, simply substitute the word "accusation" for "perception":

> It has become a truism in our town that perception isn't everything. To paraphrase a famous football coach, it's become the only thing. There are times when reality hardly matters, and that's where we are right now in the tribulations of presidential counselor Ed Meese. A perception has grown that Meese, the president's nominee for attorney general, is a wheeler dealer. That perception, in my judgment, is wrong. The reality, unless I am sorely mistaken, is that Meese is an able and decent human being. . . . But because perception counts so heavily, my unhappy thought is that Meese ought to withdraw his name.

Kilpatrick is hardly in sympathy with the goals of the Left, but he is here in harmony with the Hive. He is "sending the right signals," as Hive communicants like to say.

Joseph Kraft, the Hive-harmonious columnist (though, again, not necessarily in sympathy with, or even aware of, its goals), said in a recent column that "abundant detail" about the unreported $15,000 loan to Meese's wife, "and the circumstances of the Meese preparation for the Senate hearing," came from "sources close to the White House." The same must also be true of the absurdity of Meese's unreported cuff links, the "scoop" triumphantly reported by "CBS Evening News" reporter Phil Jones (and there's a true lefty for you).

Although I have absolutely no inside knowledge here, I confess that one can't help wondering about the role of the President's chief of staff, James Baker, in all of this. There has been a clear pattern of adverse "perceptions" of those around Baker in the White House—those with whom he is known to be in ideological discord. Kraft noted that when Meese headed for the Justice Department (and I applaud his use of skeptical quotation marks) "at least some of the White House 'pragmatists,' as part of the continuing fight with the 'right wingers,' were glad to get him out of the White House."

Baker is known to be out of sympathy with Reagan's views on government, and he has been involved in two presidential primary campaigns against Reagan. The view among the few surviving conservatives in the White House is that Baker believes that Reagan would receive favorable news media treatment (and so, presumably, a favorable verdict from history) if only he would allow the *Washington Post* to set his agenda for him. Baker has certainly received extremely favorable treatment from the press which normally claims an adversary relationship with government. Many of the unfavorable "perceptions" about Reagan's aides have first appeared in the *Washington Post*. Among conservatives at least, there is a "perception" in Washington that Mr. Baker may have had something to do with all this.

It has in any event been a considerable weakness on Mr. Reagan's part to have tolerated for so long a chief-of-staff who is not in sympathy with his own views, and around whom aides fall like flies—the victims of anonymous perceptions. Reagan in general seems to be so unaware of what is going on about him that one wonders if he even knows very much about Baker—beyond the significant fact that in 1980 Nancy Reagan thought him just super. (Oh, what an error the news media made in their

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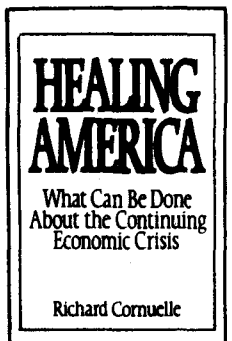
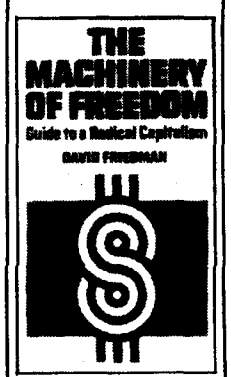
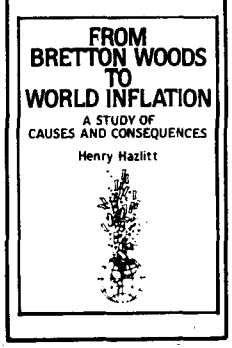
LAISSEZ FAIRE ECONOMICS







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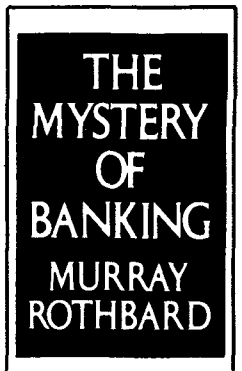

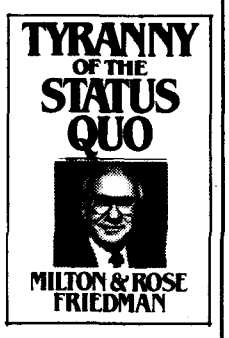

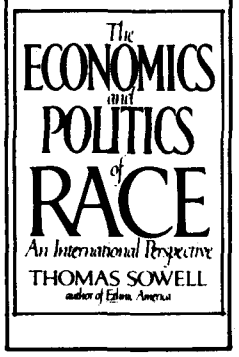

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1981 assault on Nancy Reagan, and oh, how quickly they reversed themselves once they saw how useful she could be in "moderating" the views of her husband.)

As I have said before, Mr. Reagan emerges from all this a very nice old fellow but as a weak President. He enacted a tax cut, but then allowed himself to be talked into *four* subsequent tax increases. Taxes have gone up for the middle class in his tenure (even if they have gone down for J.B. out at the country club, thanks to the reduction of the top rate on "unearned" income); federal spending is quite a bit higher than was projected under President Carter, protectionism has increased, deregulatory initiatives have stalled, and defense spending is *no* higher than was projected by Carter.

I anticipate that President Reagan will be still weaker in his second term, if he has one. At that time he will be more interested in the verdict of history than the verdict of the voters, and in such a frame of mind he is likely to be even more attentive to the "pragmatists" who surround him than he is today. One can foresee in Reagan's second term an attempt to muddle through with compromises, commissions, negotiated settlements, and three or four more tax increases in a futile attempt to balance the budget.

It would be nice to be able to register a protest by voting for the Democratic candidate this fall, but that now seems to be out of the question. The Democratic party has moved so far to the left that one must wonder if it will ever recover. Certainly there could be more surprises in store as the primary season unfolds. And if the Democrats lose in November, the party is likely to split in 1985. (Ditto for the Republicans: the Richard Viguerie-Howard Phillips component of the party is likely to go its own way once Reagan is re-elected, and more power to 'em, I say.)

It looks at present as though Walter Mondale will get the nomination (I write shortly before the New York primary), and that Reagan will defeat him fairly easily in November. For a while I hoped that Hart would win it, knowing that he would be more of a challenge for Reagan and so might force him into a competition for the affections of the voters rather than the elites. But Hart now seems to have blown his chance by trying to get to Mondale's left, engaging in foolish polemics about the freeze and so on, as though this was what the voters wanted. It was interesting to see the media take Hart apart after his New Hampshire victory. I suppose many in the press had already "bought stock" in Mondale at that point. (And it would be hard to differentiate your average Mondale aide and your average *Washington Post* reporter.) In any event, it is absurd to claim (as was incongruously heard in the media itself) that Gary Hart had somehow been a media creation. Tom Wicker for one made this odd claim.

Gary Hart is obviously a quick-witted man but he appears to lack common sense. He promises us an inactive military, and really seems to believe his own nonsense to the effect that the problem in the Third World is "poverty," not assault by armed revolutionaries; about the Soviet Union being a treaty-ratifier and the U.S. stubbornly obsessed with Communism, and so on. Mondale, on the other hand, seems to have been shifting to a more centrist and sensible position. He's no doubt a nice enough fellow, but he seems to have no real convictions and he would be an easy prey for his advisers, who come from the leftward edge of the political spectrum. In that important respect, Mondale really would be a replay of Jimmy Carter — and I think we can do without that. □

Are "schoolboy scuffles" in the White House damaging Reagan's chances to achieve world peace?

"My frankness may startle."

When Alexander M. Haig, Jr., became U.S. Secretary of State, he saw in President Reagan "a figure who possessed great gifts of leadership—an honest mind, a good heart, a sound conception of America, and the common touch."

Today, "it remains my hope as an American that history will have reason to call Reagan great."

But "staff mischief," Haig believes, may prevent it.

And so, saddened and alarmed, he has written his *Caveat*.

"My frankness may startle," Haig predicts.

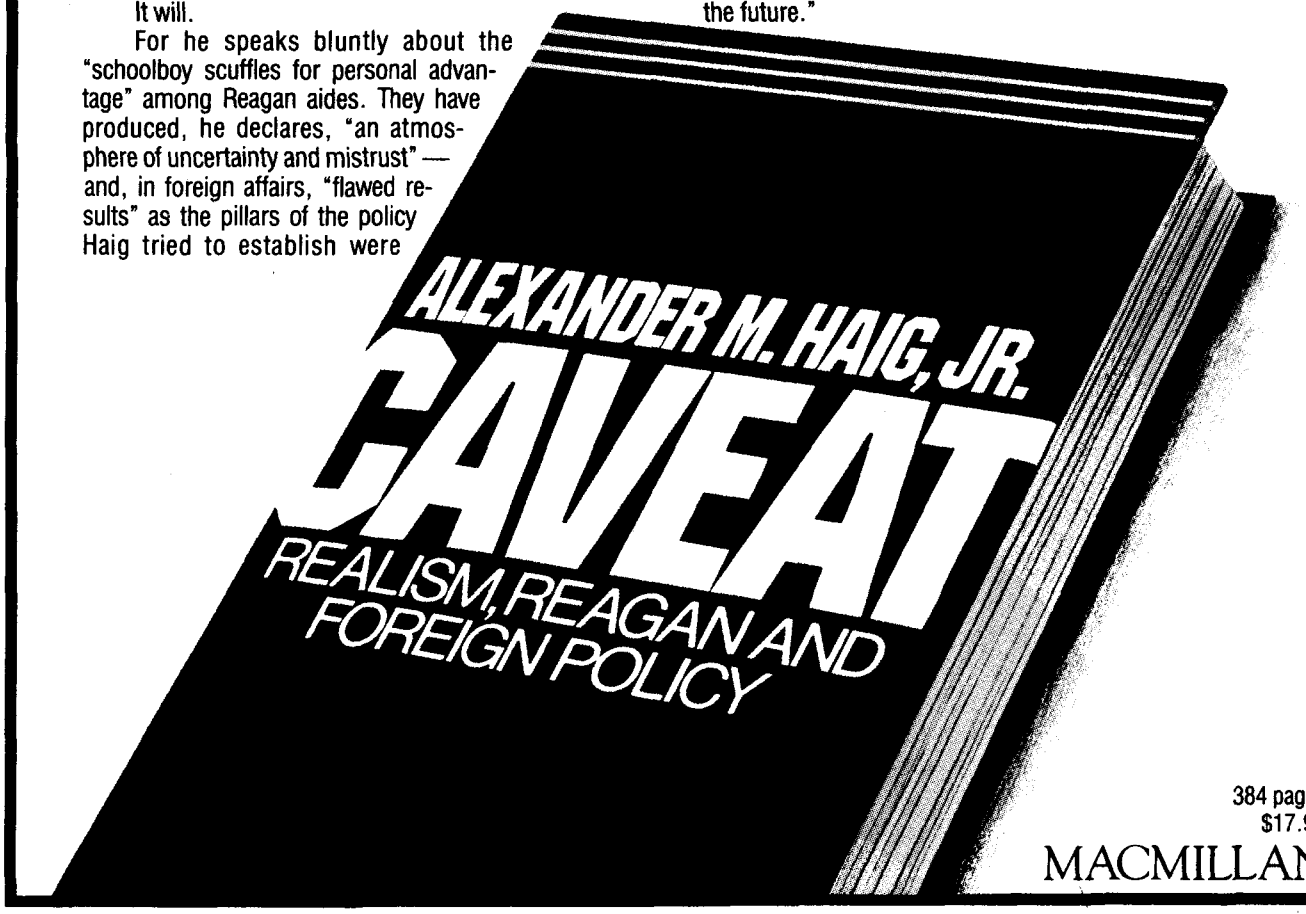
It will.

For he speaks bluntly about the "schoolboy scuffles for personal advantage" among Reagan aides. They have produced, he declares, "an atmosphere of uncertainty and mistrust" — and, in foreign affairs, "flawed results" as the pillars of the policy Haig tried to establish were "shaken by the Samsons of populism and petty ambition."

Haig's account of his stormy tenure as Secretary of State is salted with wit and graced with thoughtful insights, as he discusses the AWACS controversy...China...Poland...the Falklands crisis...and the "mixed signals" that bedeviled our Lebanon experience.

He is forthright—and often surprising—in describing his relationships with Caspar Weinberger, James Baker, Jeane Kirkpatrick, and other Reagan appointees. And he provides his definitive account of the controversial "I am in control here" episode when Reagan was shot.

Alexander Haig's *Caveat* is more than a warning. It is a bold statement of purpose—one man's view of the direction America's foreign policy must take, and what Ronald Reagan must do, if he "wishes to be among the makers of the future."



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Gregory A. Fossedal

THE DEFICIT REDUCTION INDUSTRY

A guide to deficit reduction guides.

WASHINGTON—Spring is a golden time here, particularly in a presidential election year. The annual quota of tourists arrives to view the cherry blossoms, and for a few weeks bureaucrats are outnumbered by real Americans. Half the journalists and the policy analysts and the charisma maximization consultants are out of town analyzing the latest exit poll; the other half wants to know if Konstantin Chernenko listens to jazz; and even George Will takes time off from mundane pursuits—misinterpreting the Burkean position, properly understood, on taxation—and writes his annual Chicago Cubs column. But this year, a dark cloud hovers over the whole enterprise. On my desk is not the usual pile of tennis balls, fishing tackle, and warm ale, but a stack of reports from think tanks, congressmen, former Treasury Secretaries and Federal Reserve Chairpersons, and even a bipartisan commission. America is getting ready for baseball, but Washington has found its own pastime, and its name is "deficit reduction plan."

Deficit reduction studies are becoming to Washington what microchips are to Silicon Valley. The policy elite is churning out estimates of "crowding out" and "structural net federal borrowing as a percentage of GNP" in much the same way it used to study "the poor." Individually, these documents contain many interesting ideas and worthwhile suggestions. Collectively, they are part of the growing charade called "the budget process"—which is, of course, neither a budget nor a process. Physicists use the term "plasma" to describe a fourth state of matter, neither liquid, solid, nor gas, in which particles move so quickly that identifiable elements no longer exist—just a soup of protons, neutrons, and free electrons. Even to discuss such terms as "the deficit," much less plans for its reduction, one must grasp that what we are actually talking about is the fiscal equivalent of plasma.

Many of these documents start with an attempt to illustrate "how big $200 billion is"; a stack of 200 billion one dollar bills would stretch so-and-so many miles high; it would take a shopper this-or-that many years to spend that much money at the rate of $50 a minute. And this is not a bad way to look at the deficit reduction plans themselves. About two hours of telephone calling produces plans from the Brookings Institution, the Heritage Foundation, Chamber of Commerce, Ronald Reagan's Private Sector Cost Control ("Grace Commission") Survey, the American Enterprise Institute, and several dozen smaller groups. These volumes alone form a fourteen-foot pile, and they are only the iceberg tip. A friend on Capitol Hill asks the Congressional Research Service to check into the formal "deficit reduction packages" pending action before the House and Senate, and the computer printout merely naming the bills runs several pages, listing 50-plus plans, or one for every tenth member of Congress. A cover letter explains that the list is "not exhaustive." Everyone knows, from the favorable media reception, that Ernest Hollings, Robert Dole, Pete Domenici, Jim Jones, Dan Rostenkowski, and Tip O'Neill have come up with various ways "to do something" about the deficit. But did you know there have been at least seven versions of a constitutional tax limitation amendment? Or an assortment of spending freezes or caps proposed by Rudy Boschwitz, Newt Gingrich, Orrin Hatch, and a half dozen others? There are currently *four* different bills to create a bipartisan commission on the deficit, including one from Pat Moynihan—five if you count the joint resolution offered by Senator Baucus "to express the sense of the Congress that a bipartisan response to the growing public debt and federal deficit is necessary." Congressmen Miller, Mack, AuCoin, Solomon, Guarini, Coleman, Studds, Dorgan, Dixon, Hansen, Fuqua, Archer, Shumway; Senators Eagleton, Garn, Trible, Melcher, Johnson. Each has a specific plan that is *the* answer for controlling the deficit monster.

Mind you, these are only U.S. officials, and U.S. congressmen at that. In February, the nation's governors got into the act, hoisting up their own ideas about the budget under the leadership of Illinois Republican Jim Thompson. Shall we talk international? The World Bank, International Monetary Fund, and Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development have all suggested some cuts, though the OECD, to its credit, suggests the Europeans stop griping about America's Kemp-Roth and pass one of their own.

The one thing that is certain in the deficit-reduction world is that nothing is certain. As we go to press, we learn that Mr. Reagan may be cutting a deal with Senate Republicans, who may in turn be working with Dan Rostenkowski and other House Democrats. A story in the March 12 issue of *Business Week* reports that the deficit is running not at $300 billion, nor at the $180 billion projected by the administration, but at $140 billion. Treasury's Steve Entin suggests the $140 billion figure is not yet reliable, but then, that such projections are unreliable is precisely the point. Finally there is a press release issued on March 2, 1983, which reads: "Senators Daniel P. Moynihan and Gary Hart today proposed a new plan for economic growth that would achieve . . . lower unemployment . . . and lower federal budget deficits" than Reaganomics. The scheme, the release said, would reduce unemployment to 7.6 percent, and produce a deficit of $185 billion, "by 1985." Given the latest numbers, it would seem such a "new plan," namely Kemp-Roth, has already been put in place. But don't look for Gary Hart to drop out of the race for Reagan's job, or for anyone else to stop wailing about the deficit, in the

Gregory A. Fossedal is an editorial writer for the Wall Street Journal *and co-author (with Daniel O. Graham) of* A Defense that Defends, *published last month by Devin-Adair, Greenwich, Connecticut.*

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near future. The zenith of all this activity may come at the Republican Convention this summer in Dallas, where a group of young turk congressmen plan to introduce a gold-standard plank to the GOP platform. Solid money is the way such figures as Alexander Hamilton, Napoleon, John Maynard Keynes, and Jack Kennedy financed tax cuts, so it just might work.

A crude but interesting gauge of the scope of this unprecedented concern over deficits is provided by the Nexis machine, a computer program that has become a favorite tool of journalists. Punch in, say, the words "Tip O'Neill" and the date May 22, 1981, and Nexis will provide a list of every story mentioning Tipster, on the day in question, appearing in such publications as the *New York Times,* the *Washington Post, Time, Newsweek,* UPI, AP, ad nauseam. For the first two months of 1984 alone, Nexis finds 506 stories using the specific words "deficit reduction plan," 814 stories with the words "deficit . . . plan." By contrast, "George Bush" and "Paul Volcker" ring up less than 400 references, and one of these men is the second most powerful man in the world. "Supply-side economics" shows up 45 times in the same two months, and the phrase "Laffer curve" pops up only 27 times for the years 1983-1984 combined. If the country had a dime for every two cents worth of advice on how to cut the budget, there would be no deficit to begin with. Or put it this way: Were every congressman and senator required to devise his own "deficit reduction plan" for the nation, a modest $350 million cut per district would put the budget in surplus.

If the specialists who write these plans intend them to be read by their colleagues at the Office of Management and Budget or Congressional Budget Office—CBO, by the way, offers a three-volume set on red-ink reduction—then they are in for a disappointment this year. A reporter asks Ed Dale, OMB's press spokesman, to name three of the independent studies on the deficit: "I really couldn't, right off hand." Could you name any? "I'm not sure what you're talking about." Well, President Reagan's Grace Commission, for example. "Oh, yes, well, we're taking a close look at that, as you know." Any others? "Not that I know of." How about the Heritage plan? "Not in particular." Chamber of Commerce? "No." My own inquiry locates an OMB official familiar with the 1984 Heritage study, which, interestingly enough, draws heavily on the Grace Commission and CBO efforts, which in turn drew somewhat on a 1982 Heritage study on "Cutting $110 billion" from the federal deficit, which in turn was based on an earlier series of Stockman "menu cuts" implied in the 1981 budget submission but never sent to Congress. It would be fascinating to trace the history of some cuts; who was the first to propose capping the Social Security cost of living adjustment at two percent below inflation, or re-defining the "prevailing local wage" clause of the Davis-Bacon act? Neither Dale, nor the CBO press office, nor aides to Robert Dole or Pete Domenici were familiar with the Brookings Institution's annual "Setting National Priorities" critique. "I suppose someone in our shop goes over those things," Mr. Dale says, "but do we have time to go through the Heritage Foundation or the Brookings Institution line by line? Of course not." On the other hand, John Palffy, author of the Heritage study, reports inquiries from several OMB officials said to be crunching his estimates of potential savings through the usual computers and econometric models.

America is getting ready for baseball, but Washington has found its own pastime, and its name is "deficit reduction plan."

Disparate as they are, the deficit reduction packages nevertheless do agree on a number of points. One is agriculture subsidies, a program that has ballooned from less than $8 billion under Jimmy Carter to more than $20 billion under Ronald Reagan. The Grace Commission locates more than $4 billion in savings without even going after the big-ticket price support and marketing orders programs. Heritage would cut $5 billion from the department, eliminating several support programs wholesale. Walter Mondale says he can save $10 billion from the program using "better management." A panel from the House Democratic Caucus growls about farm subsidies that go largely to the wealthy, and they are right: there are some 2 million farms in the nation, but 70 percent of support payments go to the largest 250,000 private farmers and corporations. By contrast, Republican Rudy Boschwitz's plan for a "fair play budget" calls for continuing nominal growth in the agriculture program. (He's from Minnesota.) David Stockman's attempts to rein in agriculture programs have met with little enthusiasm in the White House.

Indeed, those agriculture subsidies are but one component of a "corporate welfare" budget that is just begging to be cut. Government payments to big oil companies for synthetic fuel research; funding of wealthy "charitable" foundations, mostly leftist lobbying groups; the so-called Small Business Administration, chiefly a provider of $100,000-plus loans and guarantees for new shopping malls; and the bailout of big banks through the International Monetary Fund—cutting such items is easy to justify in terms of equity, and, as Fred Barnes has noted in these pages, would be supported both by populist conservatives and by help-the-little-guy liberals.

Given the structure of the federal budget, it is almost impossible to identify a total corporate welfare component; its outlays are ingeniously buried from department to department, line item to continuing resolution. But even a quick skim through the budget reveals their pervasive influence. Agrisubsidies, $20 billion. "Research and development," much of it carried on by Exxon or Cargill, $35 billion. Housing and medical subsidies carry a huge welfare component and total $110 billion. None of the large think tanks has attempted to come up with a total corporate welfare figure *per se,* but the Congressional Budget Office recently published an excellent study on the matter, "Federal Support of U.S. Business." Its finding: more than $60 billion in direct expenditures and credit arrangements, some of which don't even show up in the federal budget, plus some 14 programs—such as housing subsidies and medical programs—with "significant identifiable commercial effects, [totaling] almost $300 billion."

Another surprise is the degree to which the deficit reduction plans are willing, in the political vernacular, to "look at" entitlement programs. Listen to the Democratic Caucus, for example: "During the next 20 years, the Medicare program is projected to accumulate a debt of $1 trillion. Unless its expenditures are cut by 30 percent . . . it will go into the red in 1990. Medicare spending for hospitalization, $3 billion in 1967, is projected to be about $50 billion by 1985." Passages from *Conscience of a Conservative* leap to mind. The CBO ticks off a list of entitlement options and five-year savings as cold-hearted as anything Dave Stockman ever dreamed of: "Require states to contribute to food stamp benefits—$5.6 billion . . . Increase the waiting period for Social Security Disability Insurance—$150 million . . . Eliminate veterans' compensation payments for those with low-rate disabilities—$6.6 billion . . . Two-week waiting period for unemployment compensation—$3.8 billion . . . Index the unemployment insurance taxable wage base—$9.4 billion." Remember the flap over Martin Feldstein's memo suggesting a tax on unemployment benefits? Or Reagan's plan to tick up the Social Security retirement age to reflect a drastic change in life expectancy? Suddenly, Gary Hart is telling the *New York Times* we need a drastic revision of support for poor, handicapped, sick, and aged, and another (late) presidential aspirant, Fritz Hollings, is railing at the phony numbers game that goes on with proposals to control the "uncontrollable" machinery of COLAs that drive up spending automatically.

"Tomorrow, Ronald Reagan will deliver his State of the Union talk," Hollings told the Association for a Better New York on January 24. "All told, Reagan will propose spending *increases* of about $81 billion. But you know what the headline in the *New York Times* will be? 'Reagan Proposes $8 billion in Social Spending cuts.' " People like Stan Evans, Pat Buchanan—indeed, Reagan himself—have been writing columns about this for years, so there would seem to be nothing in the way of a bipartisan compromise to slash entitlements. The real problem, of course, is that liberals like to talk about their willingness to cut, but a concrete proposal to do so would produce just the sort of headline Hollings complains of.

A good example of this hypocrisy is the Democratic Caucus plan, sprinkled with suggestions that we "do a better job of targeting" programs to the "truly needy," and "consider" whether all the spending that is "supposed to benefit the poor" really does. Mr. Reagan attempted just such retargeting in 1981, passing new means tests for the food stamp and student loan and grant programs in 1981. Under these, food stamp recipients making more than 140 percent of a poverty level income would have their benefits cut off, and students with family income of more than $30,000 would have at least to fill out a form demonstrating need. Yet here is how page 44 refers to the proposed redirection of student loans: "He [President Reagan] tried to cut out $1.8 billion." Sure, most of it going to "the rich." Page 50 looks at means tests for income assistance in "human terms": "300,000 families without welfare benefits . . . 260,000 families with their benefits reduced . . . " And all

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of them making $15,000 a year or more. Democratic cuts in social welfare are "taking a look" at "better targeting"; Reagan's are "drastic slashes."

Interestingly enough, not one of the 25-plus deficit reduction plans surveyed recommends a balanced budget. A $100 billion (over three years) "down payment" cut from Ronald Reagan, everyone seems to agree, would do little to help lower interest rates. But, the consensus has it, a $200 billion cut over the same period would do wonders, reviving the stock market and "enabling" Paul Volcker to cut interest rates without "reviving fears of inflation." Really? Then why not cut $300 billion over three years? Why not eliminate this year's $180 billion deficit entirely? Heck, why not run a surplus of $100 billion, "crowding in" lots of money for "private borrowers" to finance capital formation? The ad hoc juggling of numbers—$100 billion has no effect; $200 billion will "insure growth" and even allow more spending on "infrastructure," says Gary Hart—is not the only example of doubletalk. Consider the following three assessments of the impact of large tax cuts on the deficit:

1. "During his election campaign, [the President] promised to balance the budget by [the fifth year of his term], with outlays limited to about 21 percent of Gross National Product in a fully employed economy." Such a strategy is consistent with significant tax reductions "because economic recovery would generate the necessary margin of additional receipts over built-in expenditure increases."

2. "Because tax revision will raise incomes, it will also raise tax revenues, through a 'feedback effect' out of the expanding tax base . . . By reducing taxes, stimulating cost cutting investment, strengthening incentives, and promoting a more efficient allocation of productive resources . . . a balanced tax program . . . lays a firmer foundation for continued price stability and an improved competitive situation in world markets." Attempts to raise taxes "would be largely self-defeating. Such a policy would be disastrous for employment, incomes, profits; the deficit would remain."

3. "Lower tax rates stimulate work, savings, and investment. If you are a person working an hour of overtime, and you know you are only going to keep 50 cents on the dollar, you are less likely to do that than if you are going to keep 70 percent on the dollar. . . . The broad general effect of lower tax rates will contribute to economic growth."

The quotations are, respectively, from: 1. The Brookings Institution's 1978 analysis of the Carter budget; 2. Walter Heller's 1963 Economic Report of the President, discussing the Kennedy tax cuts; and 3. Sen. Bill Bradley, talking about his modified flat-tax bill now before Congress. Apparently, the Laffer curve only works when there is a Democrat in office, but as economist Alan Reynolds comments: "Keynesians always believed in the Laffer Curve; they just look at it from the demand side and call it 'the multiplier.' " Yet today's deficit-reduction packages are almost unanimous in their conclusion that "growth alone cannot tame the deficit monster." Even if so, it leaves aside the crucial question of *how much* growth can reduce the deficit—by half? two-thirds? 90 percent?—and, even more important, whether we can cut the deficit at all without growth.

Behind the demonstrations that the deficit is mainly "structural"—i.e., not caused by a weak economy—are economic assumptions, and most are highly suspect. Joseph Pechman at the Brookings Institution is scrupulously honest about such matters, and only talks about the "full employment, structural" deficit, but the OECD studied that question in 1983 and found the United States was running a structural *surplus* equal to 1.7 percent of GNP. Rudy Penner at CBO searches for a full employment deficit too, and concludes that growth can do little to achieve it. But he assumes that any reduction of unemployment below 7.5 percent can only be achieved through higher and higher inflation. Few working stiffs would consider 9 million jobless "full employment." Likewise, CBO "proves" that increased production won't cure the deficit. How? By calculating what would happen if we achieved paltry 2.9 percent increases in GNP and labeling this a "high growth" estimate.

Other assumptions are no more plausible. For example, according to Gerald Seib, one of the best Pentagon correspondents in Washington, "no one" believes that the administration will achieve its requested increase in defense spending for 1985. Most of the nameless officials quoted in the daily press say the actual budget will be something like $20 billion less than Mr. Reagan is asking. Well all right; but then the projected deficit for 1985 is not $180 billion but $160 billion.

Two figures who receive almost no mention in the deficit literature are Robert Dole and Paul Volcker. Dole continues to grab headlines with his 1984 plans to "reduce the deficit," but his 1982 proposal for doing so—the Tax Equity and Fiscal Responsibility Act, passed that August—has been given little scrutiny. The *Washington Post* wrote a February 13 editorial, "Precedent for a Budget Compromise," which praised the Dole bill as "worth recalling," and credited the 1983 recovery on the bill's passage. If indeed the bill is worth recalling, and reduced deficits caused the recovery, one would think the *Post* would give some estimate of the beneficial reduction in deficits caused by TEFRA. But the *Post* doesn't even mention this. In fact, the bill was supposed to render $98 billion in revenue enhancers and another $270 billion in spending reductions, narrowing the deficit below $50 billion by 1987. Treasury estimates that at best one fourth of the spending revisions were achieved, most of them caused by a fall in interest on the national debt that could just as easily be credited to a saner Fed policy beginning in August 1982. CBO's estimate of the deficit for fiscal 1988 has grown since passage of TEFRA. How come? Dole's staff blames the White House for failing to implement "management savings" called for in the package, and the White House blames Congress for not enacting the requisite spending cuts. A sure tipoff is that economists at the CBO, Dole's office, and OMB have not even bothered to estimate where the cuts occurred and where the revenues came in. OMB's Dale speculates that it "would be almost impossible" to figure. Then what is the meaning of passing a deficit-reduction package at all? Why have an Office of Management and Budget? Why have a budget?

Then there is Paul Volcker. Almost universally, the deficit reduction papers note that smaller red ink totals would give him "more room" to lower interest rates. This is a suspect conclusion at best, unsupported by most serious economic studies. A 1983 Treasury Department survey of the available literature concluded there is almost no support for the "crowding out" theory of interest rates beyond editorial pages and deficit-reduction plans. More important, though, is that the inverse relationship is almost never noticed: Even granting that deficits cause some intuitive rise in interest rates, what about the irrefutable evidence that higher interest rates cause higher deficits?

Suppose the Federal Reserve were to cut the Federal Funds rate down to 6 or 7 percent, still above historic levels but nevertheless almost a 3-point drop from current levels. Suppose, further, that this generated 2 percent growth in nominal GNP, a modest enough number. Three points off the interest rate would remove $100 billion in federal interest payments over three years, and the additional economic growth, using OMB's rule of thumb for such matters, would save $60 to $100 billion by bringing in new revenues and reducing spending on such programs as unemployment insurance and food stamps. In sum, a $200 billion deficit reduction over three years, almost exactly what the House Democrats say will "enable" Volcker to cut interest rates to their historic levels. But wait a minute. Since cutting interest rates would reduce deficits by the amount described, which in turn is the amount needed to cut interest rates, why not just cut interest rates to begin with? Mr. Volcker himself says a $50 billion deficit reduction would lower interest rates one point this year. But a one-point drop in interest rates would cause, almost, a $50 billion deficit reduction over several years. Why not bring interest rates down the easy way: by bringing them down? That is the question posed by Irving Kristol in a recent column on what he accurately calls "the Volcker deficits."

Of the many studies, three stand out for putting this whole issue in perspective. The first is Richard Rahn's study for the Chamber of Commerce, one of the few succinct papers (16 pages), and one of the only ones to note that it is government spending, not "deficits" per se, that crowds out private economic activity. Ronald Reagan had it right two years ago when he asked a group of economic advisers what difference it made on credit markets whether government snatches its money through taxation or borrowing. The answer is, "little," and in fact, as Messrs. Wanniski and Roberts note, taxation may be worse, because it crowds out the most efficient—firms making a profit—while borrowing, at least in theory, crowds out the least efficient.

Item two is a paper from the libertarian CATO Institute which studies the success with which government bureaucrats attempt to forecast future

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deficits. The record is not impressive. In seven of the last twelve years, forecasters deviated from the actual percentage change in the deficit by more than 95 percent. Twice, they were off by 2,000 percent. Budget forecasts swung between egregious optimism and unwarranted pessimism, but the average error in forecasting the magnitude of change, up or down, was more than 500 percent. "The uncritical acceptance of aggregate budget figures by the mass media, policy makers, and citizens alike is wholly unwarranted," the study concludes. Indeed. It is hard to believe, as the incessant media drumbeat would have it, that stock values, interest rates, and inflation expectations all hinge on the latest forecast for 1988 deficits when the government historically can't even say what is going to happen in the next few months.

And then, third, there is a paper by David Stockman—the old, supply-side David Stockman, who in a 1980 memo to President-elect Reagan wrote:

> Fiscal stabilization, i.e., elimination of deficits and excessive rates of spending growth, can only be achieved by sharp improvement in the economic indicators over the next 24 months. This means that the policy initiatives designed to spur output growth and to lower inflation expectations must carry a large share of the burden . . . For this reason, dilution of the tax cut program in order to limit short-run static revenue losses during the remainder of FY 81 and FY 82 would be counterproductive. Weak real GNP and employment growth over calendar 1981 and 1982 will generate soup line expenditures equal to or greater than any static revenue gains from trimming the tax program.

Efforts to narrow the deficits in a vast frontal assault on individual spending items, Stockman wrote, were worth a try, "but if this is the primary or exclusive focus of the initial fiscal package, the ball game will be lost." Instead, he argued, the key to reduced deficits was: 1. resisting efforts to water down the tax cuts, and 2. restoring credit and capital market order "by supporting monetary policy reform." As it turned out, neither prescription was followed. The tax cuts were delayed and weakened such that there was no real tax relief until 1983. Monetary reform was first delayed, with advisers suggesting a "gold commission" be appointed to "explore" the idea further, and finally abandoned, as supply-siders were shut out of monetary policy-making positions at Treasury and OMB.

David Stockman may have forgotten his now-famous paper, "Avoiding a GOP economic Dunkirk," but its co-author—Congressman Jack Kemp—has not. A call to his office produces an apologetic explanation from press aide Merrick Carey that "we don't have a deficit reduction plan, just a full employment plan. Would you like to see that?" A few days later, the material arrives, along with an explanatory quotation pulled from a recent Kemp speech: "Deficits are a function of economic stagnation, and a deficit reduction plan should attempt to sustain and increase the rate of economic growth and find ways to increase the number of people working. That means cutting the federal funds rate, creating urban enterprise zones, simplifying the tax code and reducing marginal rates, and paring back spending with the line-item veto." Early in March, Kemp unveiled his full-employment plan to a throng assembled at the annual CPAC here (for "Conservative Political Action Conference"). Co-sponsored by Trent Lott and Bob Kasten, it reads like a conservative's dream wish: a tax plan that goes further than Bradley-Gephardt in lowering tax rates and eliminating loopholes, line-item veto, a price-rule reform of the Federal Reserve, enterprise zones, and more.

Kemp probably has the political emphasis about right. A recent *Newsweek* poll asked voters to list their top concerns for 1984. After two years of pounding from the press, a respectable 55 percent of the public voices concern with the "Reagan deficits." But this places the deficit barely in the top ten of their worries, still behind seven other conditions including inflation, unemployment and "the nuclear arms race." Democratic pollster Peter Hart continues to find that only 3 to 5 percent of the voters are concerned about the deficit in any tangible way, and many of them blame Congress. Robert Bartley, the editor of the *Wall Street Journal,* says: "You know, I sometimes think Tip O'Neill and Teddy Kennedy must wonder how they got saddled with this one. They must wake up in a cold sweat and ask themselves, 'How did we get stuck with this as our leading issue?' " Is reduction of the deficit an end in itself, or merely one of several tools for achieving economic growth? Perhaps some Washington think tank—or maybe Ronald Reagan, or Gary Hart or Walter Mondale—will want to address that question in the near future. □

T. John Jamieson

JOHN LUKACS OUTGROWS CONSERVATISM

When Dr. Lukacs appears to be right about something, it may only be a coincidence.

In 1958 a gang in Harlem called themselves "Conservatives."
—Outgrowing Democracy, p. 336.

MR. LUKACS: But you said just a moment ago that I'm exceedingly quaint.
MR. BUCKLEY: No, I'm saying that sometimes you strike me as saying things because it's quaint to say those things, or else you are attaching to them a meaning that is not readily communicated.
—"Firing Line," January 18, 1982.

The wanting appreciation of tradition among American conservatives was evident not only among some of their politicians but also among their star intellectuals. Bill Buckley was an unquestioning admirer of Secret Agents, of computerism and nuclear technology; Tom Wolfe of fast-flying and fast-living pilots; the two twentieth-century heroes of Hugh Kenner were Ezra Pound and Buckminster Fuller. Jeffrey Hart, the chief editor of National Review, *wrote in 1982 that American conservatism amounted to American modernism: that the progress of technology, the breaking away of modern literature and modern art from all traditional forms, and the new loosening of the family and sexual mores were matters that American conservatives should welcome, indeed, that they should espouse.*
—Outgrowing Democracy, p. 339.

T. John Jamieson's essay, "The American Monarchist," will appear shortly in the Salisbury Review.

You may now add John Lukacs to the ranks of George Will, Peter Viereck, and all those who challenge the right of a certain President, a certain political party, and a certain journal of opinion to call themselves "conservative." The January 1984 issue of *Harper's* carried an essay by Lukacs, "The American Conservatives," ("where they came from and where they are going"), in which he quibbles over whether the word "conservative" is ancient or English or relevant to American traditions, failing to reflect on the fact that in 1980 there was nothing in America for a conservative to conserve, just as in 1815 there had been nothing in France for the original *conservateurs* to conserve either. He laboriously searches, in this essay, for contradictions and paradoxes in the nature of the pre-1945 American isolationism that after 1945 became anti-Communist internationalism, and comes up with many interesting accusations—and denunciations:

> Their view of the world and their consequent advocacies of foreign policies were lamentable, since their view of the Soviet Union as the focus of a gigantic atheistic conspiracy and the source of every possible evil in the world was as unrealistic, unhistorical, ideological, and illusory as the pro-Soviet illusions of the former liberals and progressives had been.

In the course of carefully arranging his paradoxes, Lukacs reasons by analogy, comparing the apparent contradiction

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between domestic and foreign policy in American conservatism to a similarly apparent contradiction in that of late Russian Czarism; at one point he concludes that the Stalin regime represented the triumph of "neo-Slavophilism." Now Dr. Lukacs is the most charming of men, but the sheer love of perversity evident in this statement rates a public flogging. . . . As for his animadversions on doctrines held by Professor Jeffrey Hart, they derive in part from a reading of Dr. Hart's 1981 piece, "An Intelligent Woman's Guide to Modern American Conservatism," which recommended Rousseau, Hegel, and Nietzsche as authorities for a new American rightist ideology. Such a concept is not representative but anomalous in American conservatism.

The article concludes with the judgment that, while American liberals want to exterminate humanity before birth (via abortion), American conservatives are content to wait until afterwards (via atomic fusion). The article is but a small section of Lukacs's new book, *Outgrowing Democracy: A History of the United States in the Twentieth Century.*[1] Alas, it is not a history at all, but a rather subjective analysis (if not a mere collection of superior attitudes) of what Lukacs perceives as cultural decadence. And it reveals a certain alienated cast of mind in the often crabbed and cranky prose that would be better suited to a tract on Distributism.

For those not acquainted with the aberrant historic forms of rightist politics, Distributism was the anti-capitalist position of Hilaire Belloc, who advocated restoring the medieval guild system and gave tedious harangues on the evils of advertising and "usury." Though he nods to Dorothy Day's Distributist-like "Catholic Worker" movement, Lukacs is no Distributist himself, since, among other things, he is the champion of the bourgeoisie's glorious materialism. He has traveled in conservative circles for many years as a "cultural conservative," that is, as a traditionalist who deplores the modern breakdown in morals and manners and blames it upon the modern commercial republic. A Roman Catholic, he embraces the dogma of original sin, though with slight equivocation: Despite his utter contempt for Madison Avenue, he commits one of the prevarications of "packaging" when he calls for the recovery of the sense of original sin as "a rethinking of human nature and its relation to the universe." Yet Lukacs seems reluctant to accept the marketplace as the ineluctable consequence of the ineradicable human condition. He reacts to what Daniel Bell called the "cultural contradictions of capitalism," the corrosive effects of the pursuit of gain and of technological innovation upon the social fabric, with fear and disgust; and he fails to moderate this reaction while exalting his dear bourgeoisie, the class which has come into existence more or less because of capitalism. All he can say on this matter is, "One could be a bourgeois without being a capitalist, which was true of many people in the professions." This is indeed a schizophrenic procedure.

Speaking of schizophrenia, I hasten to add that the book is dedicated to George Kennan, the former ambassador to the USSR and original exponent of the Cold War's "containment doctrine" who now claims that the USSR is too preoccupied with internal problems to threaten the security of the free world, and preaches the gospel of unilateral nuclear disarmament—all the while maintaining that he has not contradicted his original position. The flip-side of Kennanism plays a very tiresome song, a theme of negative, neurotic omphaloskepsis, "America the Wretched"—the anthem of a nation too corrupt and too confused to make itself justly an influence in world politics. Especially because Lukacs seems to subscribe to the rest of Kennanism, one might conclude that the tone of bitter disillusionment in *Outgrowing Democracy*'s description of America in the eighties signifies an intent to further the Kennan agenda—to get America out of world politics as an unworthy contender.

The thing that disgusts Lukacs the most about America is the "cult of publicity" which perpetuates a kind of verbal "inflation"—the truth-destroying magic of "public relations," the legerdemain of words and images used to alter the nature of reality in the public mind. This bitterness over popular credulity, collective amnesia, the shortening of the attention span, and the general deterioration of "consciousness" could be moderated if Dr. Lukacs would contemplate the "climate of opinion" in England in 1700. The very phrase itself, "climate of opinion," had been invented by Joseph Glanville in 1661; thus, Truth, if not already abolished, had been the object of latitudinarian indifference for 39 years. A study of Swift's *Tale of a Tub,* Pope's *Dunciad,* and Charles MacKay's *Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds* will show that the mountebanks of high and low style have always been with us, peddling universal panaceas for bodily ailments, tottering dynasties, and debile economies both public and domestic, and inciting waves of popular enthusiasm in politics or religion either by their windy oratory or by the already vastly inflated medium of print; numberless bubbles of illusion were inflated and popped in the eighteenth century, from the South Seas Bubble to the bubbles of undeserved literary reputation. In such an historical awareness lies the cure for Dr. Lukacs's alienation.

Dr. Lukacs seems bitterest about the present American Constitution which he calls "an elective monarchy"—a phrase full of associations for students of Joseph De Maistre and of Polish history. He charges that the institution has dwindled from a "popularity contest" to a "publicity contest"—and the meteoric rise of a complete phony named Gary Hartpence certainly proves his point. This only goes to show that Dr. Lukacs's title is a misnomer. America has not outgrown democracy, it is just growing into it. It is Dr. Lukacs who has outgrown conservatism.

You may now add John Lukacs to the ranks of George Will, Peter Viereck, and all those who challenge the right of a certain President, a certain political party, and a certain journal of opinion to call themselves "conservative."

Throughout the 400 pages of *Outgrowing Democracy,* Lukacs's pendulum of paradox swings unvaryingly back and forth between what he would call "historical illustrations" first of one side of a proposition and then the other. But it is often unclear whether they illustrate in an evidential or only in a pictorial way. The 400 pages contain, moreover, many thousands of unsubstantiated, unelaborated, minute generalizations, some of which are intriguing and suggestive, none of which I can safely endorse, because of their unclearness and their possible relation to a world-view I have already described as contradictory; which is to say, in short, that when Dr. Lukacs appears to be right about something, it may only be a coincidence. It would take a book of equal length to confront the issues raised by his generalizations, and to ask him what he meant by half of them, and so in the space available here I can only attempt to conjure his *ésprit du system,* however divided against itself that system may be. *Outgrowing Democracy,* as a critique of cultural decadence, describes America's fall from grace. The state of grace Lukacs characterizes loosely as "bourgeois democracy"; the state of sin, in which we now wallow, he calls "bureaucracy," which is "post-bourgeois" and "post-democratic." This culture, he charges, has not only lost touch with reality, it has dismissed reality as an irrelevant concept.

Post-bourgeois man, the book tells us, is engaged in a mystical enterprise called the "insubstantialization of matter" (though it is also called the "spiritualization of matter" without any intention to dignify the discussion with theological overtones). In the bureaucracy, people work at "jobs" without producing anything. The advertising "industry" creates desires for products that are not needed, to be paid for with money that does not exist. "Public relations" experts manipulate "images" to create roles for persons whom society would otherwise regard as of no consequence. The media generate publicity for "issues," and public opinion polls measure this publicity's effect upon minds that are not entitled to an opinion. "Insubstantialization" may also be described as "inflation," and we are told that "monetary inflation is a consequence of the inflation of society and of the inflation of words."

Though Lukacs considers Ortega y Gasset "the greatest conservative thinker of the twentieth century," he admits that the American *homo post-democraticus* does not embody Ortega's "mass man"; he is, instead, an invertebrate creature better described by the cliché "organizational man." The organizational man is a materialist, but he lives in such prosperity, a prosperity based so extensively on the projection of illusions, that he has lost touch with reality even in its most basic form, the sensible one at his fingertips. In the 1950s he mistook a house in the suburbs for a home, the building of churches for religion, paper currency for money, "public image" for character, "growth" for progress, economic expansion for triumph over moral evil. In the 1960s his world of appearances came crashing down; but after a period of humiliation, degradation, and moral compromise, he was able by the late 1970s to restore enough of those lost appearances to believe that he had recovered his balance, while it was only a kind of self-willed amnesia that made

[1] Doubleday, $19.95.

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him oblivious to his losses. He elected a Hollywood actor for President, who involved the nation in a "Star Wars" defense program paid for by an economic policy based on the use of mirrors. The organizational man further revealed his general lack of character by moving to a warmer climate—probably California, the zone of dementia which produced the President. He once availed himself of vicarious virtue by calling himself a liberal and now does so by calling himself a "conservative."

If Lukacs's bewilderment before the complexities of a modern economy seems childlike, then he insists that it is the child who possesses common sense in this matter. Nevertheless, if his description of the collapse of progressivist illusions during the unending hell of the sixties appears somewhat accurate, one can get it elsewhere without the bewilderment and without the bitter alienation—in Allan C. Carlson's essay last year in *This World,* "Foreign Policy, 'The American Way,' and the Passing of the Post-War Consensus," which juxtaposes in damning fashion the relevant public policy texts instead of making farfetched attempts at *le mot juste.*

The point of origin for this road of decline was a utopian moment Lukacs calls the "Bourgeois Interlude," which began with the Columbian Exposition of 1893 and trailed off some time after the Great Depression. It was a time when America was "urban and urbane and bourgeois," a time of "amplitude and richness," when great quantities of art and artisans and intellectuals were imported from Europe, a time of sumptuous apartments high above the city streets which gave "a powerful impression of the kind of urbanity which was beyond most Europeans' dreams of avarice." The facades of Fifth Avenue in 1925 "suggest the interior riches of a bourgeois society"—

> I am referring not merely to their monumental exterior aspect but to the kind of life in their interiors, in these apartment houses or in the lobbies of the smart American hotels, to their decorations and furnishings, to the clothes of the people who frequented them, to much of their talk, and to the American cocktail music, the brief melodies of which were sustained by the intricate, melancholy, and sophisticated harmonic structures of Gershwin or Kern or Porter . . .

This sounds very much like a party to which I too would like to have been invited; but note the materialism of taste required to relish this scene; note also that the "sophistication" which intrigues the observer is a very vague and evanescent idea appealing to human vanity, that this idea has a market value, and that this market value in turn sustains the party, and that the psychologists of "advertising" did not design the lobby or compose the music and did not need to invent the idea of "sophistication." The scene depicts enjoyment, which relaxes discipline, and makes Marxists, Puritans, and Distributists very indignant about the "cultural contradictions of capitalism." If we prefer to place ourselves inside it rather than inside East Berlin, Cromwell's England, or the Distributist State, then we will have to reconcile ourselves to those cultural contradictions with a more subtle moral analysis than Dr. Lukacs provides.

The moral system which supported and sustained this party, in his view, was an allegedly healthy and long-entrenched hypocrisy:

> . . . we may look back with a fair amount of nostalgia to the hypocrisies of the previous century. Hypocrisy was, after all, the tribute that vice did pay to virtue. Hypocrisy, therefore, could flourish only in a world and at a time when people knew how to distinguish between virtue and vice . . .

The moral casuist is quite aware of this argument; however, when the bourgeois of the American Renaissance lost his grasp of moral and material realities through the very corruptions of pride and materialism, he did not exactly duplicate the depravity of a Borgia, and therein is the problem. If "the hypocrite wears a mask in public, while he pursues his inclinations in private," and the evils of "inflation" and "insubstantialization" led to a point where "the mask became the face"—that is, the "public personality" preempted the "private self"—then there must have been something more corrupting than corrupt in the bourgeois hypocrisy of Lukacs's utopian moment. It must be that the hypocrisy of the American bourgeois, of Sinclair Lewis's Babbitt (let us keep our Babbitts straight), was not of the knowing kind that Lukacs extols. Because it is not fully conscious, it led directly to the revision of virtue; it led to liberalism and "liberation." If Lukacs thinks so highly of the bourgeoisie, it is because he does not understand it.

Lukacs's 1970 work, *The Passing of the Modern Age,* contained a chapter with the punning title, "The Bourgeois Interior"; in it he called for a reappraisal of the term "bourgeois," whose meaning has been nearly destroyed by the ideological rhetoric of Marxian existentialists. "Bourgeois," Lukacs said, denotes a subset of the category Middle Class, and represents the achievement of what the striving Middle Class is striving for. Lukacs also reminded us that the bourgeois practiced the minor virtues of self-discipline upon which successful entrepreneurship depends, and that the bourgeois thus became the vital economic force of the modern world. So much is true, but I believe that Lukacs has erred in his strange conclusion that the bourgeoisie represents a social ideal, and in his strange assumption that the bourgeoisie is capable of independent existence. My own study of life and letters inclines me to believe that the bourgeoisie does not represent its own ideal, that it could not exist without a class higher than itself to imitate, and that the minor virtues, though indispensable, are alone not sufficient to conserve a civilization.

But does the bourgeoisie really exist? When Lukacs praises it, he is thinking of the haute bourgeoisie, a class capable of sustaining the illusion of "sophistication"—though perhaps there is no bourgeois so petty that he cannot find a bourgeois pettier than himself. The Middle Class exists in a state of continuous mutation, eternally reinventing itself and denying its origins, standing between the classes of inherited poverty and inherited privilege; in its "bourgeois" phase, it is imitating the aristocracy, asserting itself as a proto- (or anti-) aristocracy, though curiously unable to perpetuate itself. Wherever the managerial and professional classes emerged from, they seem to lead into Bohemia and the intellectual proletariat in the next generation. Perhaps the bourgeoisie has nothing to transmit to the next generation but a tradition of denying origins.

Daniel Bell has spoken of the bourgeois "compartmentalization of life," that is, the bourgeois habit of putting politics, religion, career, social life, and domestic life into separate mental categories, logic-tight compartments. Could it be that the bourgeois is only an imitator of surfaces and never penetrates the surface of life to the essence—that he shifts from the religious mode to the social by simply adopting the gestures and appearances appropriate to each without it ever occurring to him that there is or ought to be a connection between these spheres? In contrast, consider the aristocrat as Shirley Robin Letwin's *The Gentleman in Trollope* presents him, a "unified self" who possesses integrity because he is psychically integrated; through the unconscious assimilation of traditional ways of thinking, the gentleman is courageous, fair, and honorable without setting out specifically to be those things.

I realize that to mention the word "aristocracy" is an insult to the nation's founding myth, but I appeal for support to all those conservatives who claim to have read Edmund Burke—who seems to have said something about "the spirit of a gentleman." At the same time I note a conspiracy of neoconservatives to blame the New Left on the influence of Henry Adams. As for Dr. Lukacs, a genially snobbish European bourgeois liberal, he seems to take the pride of a leveler in leveling down to himself by showing that aristocracies have had to make many compromises in a changing world. But because the aristocracy defines itself by remembering its history, while the bourgeoisie avoids coming to grips with itself through historical amnesia, the aristocracy has made its compromises *consciously,* while the bourgeoisie has either unconsciously and semi-passively adapted to change, or, realizing that it has a vested interest in change, has tried to anticipate it. In the end, the tenuous hold on reality for which Lukacs indicts "post-bourgeois" American society would then only be intrinsic to its Middle Class nature.

Actually the *European* bourgeoisie is the one that Lukacs finds charming; but remember that it had an aristocracy close at hand to imitate.

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The vast width of the Atlantic Ocean did not prevent this aristocracy from serving as a pattern also for the American patrician class of the "Bourgeois Interlude" that Lukacs also finds charming: Consider that what Tom Wolfe calls our "colonial complex" was then at its height. America could not provide sufficient scope for the ambitions of its patricians; yet because the desire to assimilate succeeded the desire to imitate, Consuelo Vanderbilt was married off to the Duke of Marlborough, and Anna Gould was unhappily though briefly yoked to Count Boni de Castellane. In 1899, William Waldorf Astor, who had served in the State Senate of New York, renounced his American citizenship, saying, "America is good enough for any man who has to make a livelihood, though why travelled people of independent means should remain there more than a week is not readily to be comprehended." In 1917 he became the first Viscount Astor.

Nevertheless Lukacs does believe that it is the hereditary right of certain Easterners with three names and a Roman numeral thereafter to conduct our foreign policy. He resents the rise of ambitious wogs in this field, complaining in particular of the dependence of Republican Presidents upon "the global advice of the globular Kissinger"—an insult as entertaining and instructive as d'Annunzio's to Wilson: the old man whose mouth is full of false promises and false teeth.

Outgrowing Democracy abounds with much of the same rhetorical triviality, adding up to a profound lack of seriousness in the author. He revels in his disdain of the "Hollywood actor" President: But does he attribute to Reagan a corrupt or simply frivolous character because the man was once an actor, or is the politician's cinematic past only a symbol of something? Moreover, Lukacs uses large words for small matters, characterizing the shortening of the modern American's attention span as a decrease in "private integrity," and calling the "cult of publicity" a source of "intellectual corruption." I would reserve the phrase "intellectual corruption" for the activity of the Soviet Union's Western apologists, and no doubt the wishful thinking of Kennanism is somewhat touched by this corruption.

One must complain as well of the pretense of historical fact ("A History of the United States in the Twentieth Century") and also of the pretense of common sense uncomplicated by philosophy. Lukacs shamelessly uses the antiquated charge of "ideologizing" against the conservatives, insisting that politics can proceed without principles, claiming that Johnson and Burke maintained "the commonsense argument against abstract reasoning." But that is not the whole truth. Contrary to a great deal of bad scholarship, it is quite possible, in retrospect, to articulate for those two thinkers the metaphysical principles to which they faithfully adhered, principles that describe a realm of concrete spiritual reality though it can be described only in abstract terms. Lukacs presumes, as a historian, that his possession of hard historical fact renders philosophy irrelevant.

As the theorist of "historical consciousness," Lukacs employs a peculiar historiographic technique which involves contrasting what people thought was happening in a given time and place with what we now know was actually happening. Yet there may be a peculiar temptation to the historian's vanity implicit in this technique—the temptation to confuse the superiority of historical hindsight with moral superiority.

"That vanity is much more complicated than greed is something that Dr. Johnson knew and expressed very well, while Adam Smith did not," Lukacs tells us. Yes, Johnson did insist that vanity is a pervasive force in human behavior; and in trying to account for the historian's lapses we might in milder fashion apply the Great Moralist's words for some great offenders against decency: "Truth will not afford sufficient food for their vanity, so they have betaken themselves to error. Truth, Sir, is a cow which will yield such people no more milk, and so they are gone to milk the bull." □

Richard Grenier

JESSE JACKSON: THE GREAT MAN'S PRACTICE

Don't let him look you in the eye.

I was first really thrilled by Jesse Jackson when he kissed Yassir Arafat. Not that I am a member of Transvestite Pride or Transsexual Power or any of the other groups that you might logically expect to find rejoicing at men embracing other men at great occasions of state, but there was something about the symbolism of it all, race meets race, faith meets faith, the centuries-old hatred between Christendom and Islam over at last, lips across the sea. From a seat in the can, to the brotherhood of man. From the segregated lunch, to a knockout punch. And what was so wonderful was that Jesse could go on for hours and hours like this, in a manner appropriate to what *Newsweek* has called "the most gifted orator in American politics." From the KKK, to the Golden Way. From a horn of tin, to the remission of sin. From Peter the Hermit, to a frog named Kermit. Jesse never fails to leave you riveted.

Of course, at the time of his first meeting with Arafat, Rev. Jackson made remarks indicating he thought the Jordan River was the boundary between Israel and Lebanon, which makes you wonder just what Jackson was achieving out there kissing Arafat, other than perhaps creating the atmosphere for the Arab League's contribution of $100,000 to the PUSH Foundation in Chicago (making up 80 percent of its resources), and another $100,000 to PUSH Excel (with the origin of another $350,000 of Excel's funding still unaccounted for), both of which are admittedly dwarfed by the $4.5 million PUSH has received from the federal government ($2 million of which is unaccounted for). But even if the Rev. Jackson thinks the Jordan River is somewhere in Bulgaria, and has received a Caliph's ransom from the Arab League, what is truly remarkable about him—for I can no longer conceal from the reader a highly interesting fact which I have discovered after only the most painstaking research—is that Rev. Jackson is black.

Now, as it happens, I think black people are every bit as good as people of any other color. But from what I read in the prestige press there's still lots and lots of anti-black racism out there in America, and so what thrills me to the bone, if not quite to the marrow of the bone, is when Jackson cries out, *You should put hope in your brains instead of dope in your veins!* Because whereas if I were to apply the conventional principles of English prosody I would have to call this illiterate doggerel, which is what it is, the fact that it has been recited again and again by Jesse Jackson allows me to declare it magnificent oratory, thereby proving to the whole world that I am not a racist.

Not that Jesse Jackson cannot work up audiences, especially black audiences, into a kind of collective hysteria, chanting and swaying, and crying out. The question is whether this is what is normally called oratory ("Give me liberty or give me death." "Thou shalt not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." "We will pay any

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price, bear any burden . . . "), or whether it falls into another category whose roots are in religious revivalism, which as it happens peaked in the leading white Protestant U.S. churches some 150 years ago in the Great Revival. The key elements in this camp-meeting, been-to-the-river-and-I-been-baptized revivalist preaching are a rhythmic, incantational style on the part of the preacher—repetitious and sometimes the more repetitious the better—and, perhaps above all, an active, "responsorial" role for the listeners, drawing them into the group exaltation, all of them about to be touched by the hand of Jesus.

The style had a certain football-rally effectiveness even in the cold, white bleakness of New Hampshire—although admittedly applied to teenagers in a high-school gymnasium. Jackson divides the young people into three groups. "Section A, repeat after me," he says quietly. *"I am."* Section A repeats, *"I am."* Jackson intones, more loudly, *"Somebody!"* Section A gathers steam, *"Somebody!"* For Section B, the volume is doubled. *"I am!" "I AM!" "Somebody!" "SOMEBODY!"* By the time we get to Section C it is an adrenalin epidemic. *AM! AM! SOMEBODY! SOMEBODY!* And then it's *"DOWN WITH DOPE!" "DOWN WITH DOPE!" "UP WITH HOPE!" "UP WITH HOPE!"* This is the kind of behavior studied in MacKay's *Madness of Crowds,* and can be witnessed in documentaries on the Nuremberg Congresses, but for the purposes of piety I must call it oratory.

Addressing an adult white audience, Jackson adjusts his style, of course, and can also be effective, particularly if the listeners are radical enough. Introduced by the Reverend William Sloane Coffin of Riverside Church, and preceded by an official representative of El Salvador's "Democratic Revolutionary Front," he made a hard-line, far-left-wing foreign-policy speech. But even here the incantational, revivalist tone is never far away. *"Choose!"* thunders Jackson. "Form a coalition! *Choose!* Give hope to our chillun! *Choose!* Give peace a chance! *Choose!*" And then the perennial wind-up: *"OUR TIME HAS COME!"* Amen and Hallelujah at the First Church of Christ, Leftist.

In addition to his oratorical style, I am thrilled by Jesse Jackson's panache. He has claimed, with a sense of the theatrical unequaled by anyone in politics today, that Martin Luther King, Jr., died cradled in his arms in Memphis, Tennessee. Now this allegation drives Coretta Scott King wild with fury and she has said she will "never forgive" Jackson for this outrageous attempt to lay claim to the sacred mantle. Numerous other people have denied the fact, too, and Jackson has become evasive on the subject. But there he was, the day after the assassination parading around in a shirt covered with what he claimed was the blood of Martin Luther King, Jr., although for all we know it was chicken blood. But, as I say, one man's charlatanism is another man's panache.

I am thrilled, by the same token, with Jackson's understanding of history, necessary for a great statesman. Although a lot of people may not have realized it before, this country started out as a "military dictatorship" (you get this sort of thing in the quiet part of Jackson's speeches). Which is to say, we obtained our independence from Great Britain and elected as our first president George Washington, a general—who from this fact Jackson seems to infer led a government resembling in nature that of General Pinochet in Chile. We apparently slacked off into a few years of disguised civilian leadership after George Washington, but in 1829 there we were back again with another general, Andrew Jackson, the swashbuckling victor of New Orleans, and presumably more years of "military dictatorship." Since this does not fit in every detail the view of Old Hickory put forward in Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s *The Age of Jackson,* one might have expected a historical quibble here and there from Professor Schlesinger. But no. In case you are not familiar with Rev. Jesse's version of U.S. history, moreover, the Civil War, in passing, had nothing whatever to do with slavery or abolitionism but was fought entirely out of "greed."

But to strike awe into the hearts of listeners, a candidate for the presidency must be impressively versed in recent world events as well. So Rev. Jackson took a trip to Berlin, stared at the Berlin Wall, and declared that it was the result of a failure of communications. Now at about the time of the building of the Wall the incumbent Democratic U.S. President, John F. Kennedy, not only said *Ich bin ein Berliner,* he proclaimed *the Soviet Union had left its mark in history forever in blood in the streets of Budapest* (the kind of sentiment you don't get from many prominent Democrats these days). At present, of course, "communication" is the big buzzword, and Jackson has been communicating like all get out with Assad and Arafat, and getting praise for it, so his words in Berlin leave us with the feeling that if only Jesse Jackson had been directing U.S. policy in 1961, and not that hard-nose Jack Kennedy, Jackson and perhaps a hundred PUSH-type people from Chicago would have been out there with bullhorns crying across the Wall as it started to go up to East German Communist party boss Walter Ulbricht: "Now take it easy, Walt, baby! Don't do anything rash! You're suffering from a mass exodus of refugees to the West? People voting with their feet? It's an embarrassment to Communism and also causing a severe labor shortage? Listen, we're wide open to suggestions. We'll cut our standard of living in half so they won't want to come anymore! We'll abolish freedom of speech! We'll start a Gulag! We're wide open, Walt, baby! The important thing is for us to keep communicating!"

Jackson's most dazzling feat of international communicating, of course, came in the Middle East when he communicated Lt. Robert Goodman of the U.S. Navy away from President Hafez al-Assad of Syria. Now looked at it in the cool light that breaks at dawn from the east over Damascus it is of a spectacular obviousness that if Lt. Goodman had not been black Jackson would have cared about as much what happened to him as he cared what happened to an empty can of 7-up. He would not, in short, have gone to Damascus on his behalf. And it is equally obvious that Assad—having massacred 25,000 of his own people at Hama and not widely known as a world-class humanitarian—would not have released Lt. Goodman if he had not been black. It was all a perfectly level-headed ploy on Assad's part to win the support of America's black community in his future dealings with Washington. What else could Jackson have had to offer in this ice-cold piece of international "negotiation"? "Repeat after me: *From slave ship to championship. From disgrace to Amazing Grace. From the outhouse to the White House."* It is hard to imagine Assad being exactly bowled over. Yet the chilly opportunism on both sides has not stopped Jackson from invoking the Goodman episode with religious reverence in his speech-sermons ever since. To the contrary.

"Saul of Tarsus," cries Rev. Jackson, "was saved through grace, knocked from his horse, traveling to Damascus, Syria! Great things seem to happen on the road to Damascus! Early one December morning, not far from the birth*day* of Christ, not far from the birth*place* of Christ, another young man was knocked from his plane." And so on to: "The Spirit moved in us! We took the wings of morning! . . . " To go where? one might well ask. Why to meet an alawite Muslim named Assad, an infidel, whose cohorts massacre Christians daily. I mean, the two were obviously meant for each other.

But there is so much else to admire in Jesse Jackson's panache. He sometimes arrives from two to five hours late for scheduled appearances, with no apologies, his aplomb superb. When reporters at press conferences ask "difficult" questions, such as elaboration of his opposition to the deployment of U.S. nuclear missiles in Europe or his support for the establishment of nuclear-free zones (both Soviet policies, incidentally), they are often booed roundly by Jackson supporters present. Jackson even has one particularly florid supporter by the name of Louis Farrakhan, leader of the nation of Islam, who until yesterday was a black separatist and who once believed that whites were demonic beings bred from germs. It was Farrakhan who recently in Chicago, addressing those of his listeners who had the misfortune to be Jewish, declared that an attack on Jackson was an attack on all blacks, and that, "If you harm this brother, I warn you in the name of Allah, this will be the last one you do harm." Just in case this did not sound menacing enough, he added, "We are not making idle threats." But when Jackson took the podium immediately after Farrakhan (presumably as leader of the Rainbow Coalition of Christians, Muslims, and demonic germs), he said nothing to attenuate, let alone disown, this threatening language. Now, what with being kept waiting for hours, to being booed down by a hostile claque when they are hot on the heels of a story, to facing racist language and even naked threats if (God forbid) they happen to be Jewish, reporters do not normally like this kind of treatment, and many candidates far more ingratiating than Jackson have gotten to be "unpopular" with their press corps. And yet rain never seemed to fall on Jesse Jackson. The heavens might burst, and the lightning dance in the sky, but he strode calmly through it all in a dry blue blazer and grey flannels. Until "Hymietown," that is. Which shouldn't have surprised Jackson one

"DOWN WITH DOPE!" "DOWN WITH DOPE!" "UP WITH HOPE!" "UP WITH HOPE!"

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bit, since he has known all along, I'm sure, that the Hymies were out to get him.

Now "Hymie" is a word that, it turns out, Jesse Jackson has been using for months, and on the campaign trail. At least one black journalist, who prefers to remain unidentified, reported the fact last fall to his editors, who decided it wasn't newsworthy. No one would be interested, you see. And in case you have never heard the word "Hymie," I discovered a distinguished colleague at the Council on Foreign Relations who had never heard the word "Canuck" (an expression close to home in my case), and this after Muskie's famous, or infamous, alleged "Canuck letter" in another New Hampshire primary only a few years back. But for all you good folks out there who never hear words like "Hymie," or "Canuck," or "Mick," I will explain that they fall into the category of words about which it has been said folklorically, "Smile when you say that, Mister." But Jackson wasn't smiling. Nor is he much given to smiling. He was talking, in fact, to a black reporter from the *Washington Post* who mentioned Jesse's use of the word in paragraph 37 of his Jackson story, in the part destined to be buried inside the newspaper. Also Jackson's use of "Hymietown" for New York. But a *Post* editor (white?) necessarily agreed with this low placing of the item, with no subhead. After all, who cares what Jesse Jackson calls Jews? One can only guess at the reaction of Ben Bradlee in 1960 if by some chance Richard Nixon had called John Kennedy a "Mick." But from long experience at watching interesting details buried in paragraph 37 inside a newspaper disappear into a curious limbo almost as if they had never been written, I was not surprised when neither "Hymie" nor "Hymietown" was picked by the networks or other great organs of the press. It was as if they had been wiped from God's blackboard. They had never been said. I therefore give full credit to the *Washington Post* for seizing itself, rereading what it had written in its own pages, and on February 18 running a lead editorial calling use of such words by Jackson "degrading and disgusting."

But it was at this point that Jackson's superb mastery of style came into play, his sensitive, nuanced, skillful handling of the media being one of the virtuoso turns of our time. First he denied ever having said "Hymie" or "Hymietown." Then he said he didn't remember. Then he went back to denying it. Then he said it had been "overheard" by a reporter, apparently implying that the reporter had been eavesdropping, an unethical practice, almost as bad as bugging, which Jackson seemed to think in some magical way was almost the equivalent of his never having said the words at all. (They were in fact delivered face to face to Milton Coleman of the *Post* on January 25 in a cafeteria at Washington's National Airport.) Jackson had been similarly adroit in an earlier meeting in Vermont, with eight Jewish leaders, apparently concerned with such recent events as Jackson's clear-cut statement on ABC's "Face the Nation" that he would not support Mondale (or presumably now Hart) for the presidency unless the candidate pledged recognition of the PLO. These Jews had come under "false pretenses," Jackson declared angrily. They were supposed to endorse him, but they had not. It was virtually a double cross. Anger, you see, being a well-known emollient.

On the same "Face the Nation" program, when asked if he had used the words "Hymie" or "Hymietown," with the whole country listening, Jackson declared emphatically, "It simply is not true." This is an answer with little ambiguity.

Imagine then the amazement of the world when on February 26, in a synagogue in Manchester, New Hampshire, he admitted he had said the terrible words and that it had been "wrong." But admire also the adroitness with which Jackson handled this admission. His usage of the derogatory words was "innocent" and "unintended," he asserted firmly. After all, don't we all "let our guard down" sometimes? What's more, he counterattacked, he was "shocked" by the avid press interest in what were only (again) "private" conversations. But the deftest moment of all in the Manchester-synagogue admission scene was Jackson's explanation of *why* he had stoutly denied for two weeks saying what he was now confessing he had actually said. It was one of these "on the one hand/on the other hand" explanations, the crux of which lay in the last, ringing affirmation that, *"I did not want to lie."* Now it takes a mind of consummate subtlety to grasp how a man who says something, then for two weeks denies having said it, is not lying. But therein lies the wizardry of Jesse Jackson.

I am pleased to report that the conduct of the black reporters covering the Jackson campaign has been, as far as I have been able to discover, impeccable. When, shortly after his Manchester synagogue "apology," Jackson arrived in New York it was big news, the local TV news programs airing advance promos: "Jesse Jackson Arriving in the City He Called Hymietown." A local station sent a black reporter who with extreme civility asked Jackson, at the airport, if he had anything to add to his New Hampshire apology. Jackson turned on him with that baleful, death-ray look that is the most unlovable in American politics today and contemptuously said he had nothing to add to the "expression" (he could not bring himself to say "apology") he had already made, the brief, surly comment leading the reporter to conclude that although Jackson was supposed to have apologized he didn't really seem apologetic at all.

This appeared to be the opinion of Jackson's advisors, too, a sterling group including long-time associate of the U.S. Communist party Jack O'Dell (sent into the wilderness by Martin Luther King, Jr., as a liability), James Zogby, head of the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee (despite its name, a PLO lobbying group), Robert Borosage, director of the far-left Institute for Policy Studies, Barry Commoner, Randall Forsberg, and Ramsey Clark. Lally Weymouth has called this an unusually "progressive" group of advisors with views "far from the mainstream positions espoused by most American politicians." But even they—unless they were overridden by Jackson's old PUSH colleagues from Chicago—seemed to find the New Hampshire synagogue apology somehow not convincing enough. Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young—who admittedly was supporting Walter Mondale—said that Jackson's use of "Hymie" and "Hymietown" had lowered the "whole moral tone" of the primary campaign. The Jewish co-chairman, with Jackson, of the Illinois delegation for McGovern in 1972 said that he had heard Jackson refer to him as "the little Jew" too many times for it to be a joke. So back Jackson went to still another Jewish congregation in New England. This time, with the television cameras rolling, while not changing any of his positions on the Middle East but in an obvious attempt to achieve maximum solemnity, he announced that he did "repent" of saying the two awful words. He had even been told the Hebrew word for "repent" (or so it was translated to me), and he threw that in too. But there was still something wrong about the performance, and that was the look of sullen resentfulness that Jackson doesn't seem to be able to get rid of on these occasions.

For there are revivalist preachers and revivalist preachers. Some are rather cheerful coves, sunnily promising you the Lord's blessing and love and the friendship of Jesus. Others feel more at home describing hell's fire, and the abyss opening at your feet, and evoking the prospect of you as the central barbecue in the flames of damnation. Jesse Jackson is obviously in the latter category. As a curiosity, at this writing, no fewer than four of the five Democratic candidates have clerical backgrounds. Mondale and McGovern are preachers' sons. Gary Hart graduated from a Church of the Nazarene bible college then moved on to Yale Divinity School, destined for the ministry (before changing his name from Hartpence and entering Yale Law School). But Jackson is the only ordained, practicing minister of the gospel, and also the only one with that baleful, angry, unforgiving look that makes you feel he would watch you roast in hell with pleasure. In secular terms, Jackson's whole demeanor, expressions, and body carriage give him the appearance of having more than his share of hate, and, although he might have a special little cold spot in his heart for Jews, it is hard to shut out the feeling that a great deal of this hatred is leveled at the white race in

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general. If, as seems most likely despite his "Rainbow" talk, Jackson is building a black-power bloc of a sort seen before in American ethnic politics, it is most disturbing to think that a compelling ingredient of his attractiveness to some blacks might be his hatred of whites. Watch Jackson whenever he debates the other Democratic candidates. They smile, joke, beam confidence in at least their version of the future, obviously want to be liked. Jackson, basically, glowers. At whom is he glowering? This is not normal in a politician in a democratic society.

Jackson cannot, or will not, in any case, depart from the peculiar style of public speaking he acquired in the pulpit. Internal rhymes provoke in him heady surges of power. He cried to the other Democratic candidates *We want parity, not charity!* in what passed for civilized debate before the largely white League of Women Voters. He makes wildly ignorant statements in his speeches, such as the claim that there will be a cost overrun of $750 billion in the defense budget over the next five years—an allegation so extreme that it could only have proceeded from divine revelation. When reminded today of his account of cradling the dying Martin Luther King, Jr. in his arms, and of the fact that other black leaders have called him a shameless liar, Jackson again soars to the pulpit. "Peter was with Jesus physically," Jackson the preacher proclaims. "But Paul interpreted Jesus better than Peter did. Peter and them got jealous of Paul and tried to ax him out based on longevity."

Jesus? Paul? Peter and them? Axing Paul out? Longevity? Is this "the most gifted orator in American politics"? Does he even know what longevity means? Shouldn't Paul at least have been axed out on the basis of seniority? If Jackson had gotten the whole thing to rhyme, of course, he would have known he was home free.

Well, you can understand it if Jesse Jackson feels he has a friend in Jesus. But what is more curious is that he feels he has a friend in Dan Rather. Not long ago Jackson was pondering the advisability of going to Nicaragua to join in the celebration of the coming to power of the Sandinistas. For a man who favors cutting the military budget by as much as 40 percent, and has the warmest regard for all Third World "liberation" movements, the trip clearly had its pros. But perhaps it also had its cons. So he picked up the telephone and called Dan Rather, at home, for advice. I have no idea what advice Rather gave him, if any (Jackson did not go). But it is touching to think of Jackson turning to Rather for guidance, and I hope he will always feel free to turn to me as well. Oh, what a friend you have in white liberals, Rev. Jackson, scared to death of being called racist. I know it doesn't rhyme, but try singing it out at the next camp meeting anyway. □

Werner J. Dannhauser

JESSE JACKSON: THE GREAT MAN'S CONSCIENCE

Being a conscience is not the same as having one.

So far, the voters have not been all that kind to Jesse Jackson. Things could change, of course, but Jackson's popularity has waned since he came back from Damascus with Lt. Goodman and a kiss from yet another Middle Eastern thug. For a while after that, it looked as though Jackson might actually win some primaries and caucuses, especially in the South—he told us so himself.

What happened? It would be comforting to suppose that Jackson damaged himself irreparably by providing the electorate with incontrovertible evidence of his anti-Semitism as well as his lack of veracity. After all, in American politics one does not refer to "Hymies" with impunity.

But recent events can be understood better in terms of the rise of Gary Hart than the fall of Jesse Jackson. Hart came from nowhere to forge a coalition of realists looking for a more vibrant candidate to go up against Reagan, purists looking for somebody uncontaminated by the interest-group politics of trade unions, leftists looking for somebody more distant from the Cold War than any disciple of Hubert Humphrey could ever be, and aesthetes looking for looks. Hart hurt every other candidate, taking votes from one and all—mostly white votes, to be sure—and he has turned Jackson into the black candidate of mostly black voters.

That, however, does not matter all that much to Jackson or the rest of us, simply because Jackson has managed his appeal so ingeniously that he is no longer subject to repudiation at the polls. Jackson hardly remains a candidate at all, having become much more than a candidate, having turned into the conscience of the Democratic party—he tells us so himself.

The idea of Jackson as conscience goes down hard with two kinds of his opponents. The first see him as simply a charlatan. They can point to the con man's stance he assumes once in a while, the variety of positions he has espoused and discarded in the past—sounding alternately like Booker T. Washington and W.E.B. DuBois, for example—and the blatant self-promotion that attends his every move. However, Jackson has at times displayed enough truculence and defiance, even when such displays could only harm him, to suggest that some genuine principles lurk beneath the fluff that emanates from him. He should be given the benefit of the doubt. At any rate, one does not dispose of the merits of beliefs to which a pretender pretends by showing them to be a pretense.

A second group of opponents does not deny that Jackson is authentic but regards him, rather, as authentically corrupt. They ask how so unconscionable a human being can serve as a conscience. Consider the recent uproar. Having been accused of calling Jews "Hymies" and New York "Hymietown," Jackson denied using those epithets. In other words, he lied. Then he said he could not remember using them. In other words, he lied again. Then he admitted using them but claimed he had been quoted out of context, without ever explaining the context. Asked why he had stated that he had no recollection, he said he did not want to lie. In other words, he lied once more. Jesse Jackson stands exposed as unscrupulousness incarnate.

The good-natured advocates of such an argument lack, alas, the requisite acuity. They fail to distinguish between *having* a conscience and *being* one. The conscience exists to scrutinize others, not itself. If one were to begin to inquire into the conscience of conscience, one would also have to wonder about the conscience of the conscience's conscience. Politics must eschew all the perilous subtleties of infinite regress. Let us, then, attempt to summarize the dictates of conscience that use Jesse Jackson as the earthly vehicle for their divine message.

Much of the time, the conscience-as-Jackson employs a rather predictable rhetoric that has become rather soothing in its familiarity, as when it assures us that poverty causes Communism and forces us to counter the crude evidence of our senses, which suggests that Communism causes poverty. It goes on to reassure us, because Communism turns out to be just another value system which our ethnocentrism prevents us from appreciating. The conscience also cries out that the rich ought to be taxed more, that minds are better weapons than missiles, that we should have constructive conversations with the Soviet

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Union, and that there is nothing wrong with any adversary of ours that cultural exchange would not cure.

When it comes to the Third World, however, the conscience finds its true voice and becomes lyrical. Here is how it used Jackson as a vessel on April 18, 1976 according to the *Chicago Tribune*:

> I believe we should look to the Third World for an answer. The message from there is clear. Through the proper use of money and a positive attitude, we can stimulate self-development and give the people a vision. It has been fascinating for me to observe what has happened . . . in the past year. The new . . . leaders . . . have concentrated on rebuilding, putting people to work, inculcating new values and attitudes. They did it with military authority and a liberated attitude.

The Reverend Jackson was talking about the North Vietnamese after they marched into Saigon.

Now what is so special about the Third World? In general one can say that it is mostly non-white, and in particular one can say it is mostly black. Jackson-the-conscience has expanded on the slogan that black is beautiful to offer the profound teaching that black, and only black, is also true and good. The experience of blacks becomes transfigured into the Black Experience, a paradigm.

That experience has much more to do with suffering than with acting, according to Jackson. No matter; a conscience must offer fixed points of reference, and evil serves as well as good. Domestically, blacks have known the absolute oppression, having fought segregation in the South. Those who have, say, participated in civil rights activities know how to deal with tyrants, who—in the view of conscience politics—do not differ all that much from recalcitrant Southerners. Nor is it necessary to have participated actively in the struggle for civil rights. To know the face of absolute evil it suffices to have lived through the time of the Atlanta murders, which proved that it was "open season on the blacks." Those murders, to be sure, turned out to have been committed by a black, apprehended as the result of a concentrated manhunt conducted by a community concerned with the safety of its children, regardless of race, but never mind that. Like the Shadow, the conscience knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men; in this case it divined the existence of "a cultural conspiracy to kill black people whether physically, politically, economically, psychologically, or spiritually . . . "

When it comes to the world beyond these shores, the same principles obtain. There is no need to point to any country of the Third World as a Utopia, an embodiment of the Good. It is perfectly sufficient to hold up to the imagination a model of Evil, also known as South Africa. According to Jesse Jackson, apartheid is worse than Hitler.

At this point, the reeling of the mind may reach a dangerous level, as it becomes ever more clear that the new conscience turns out to be more than a bit of a racist, one that has the effrontery forever to be charging others with racism. One crucial lesson remains to be learned, however; the new conscience is not only generally racist, but quite specifically anti-Semitic.

In this connection, it becomes especially important to be fair to Jesse Jackson, and fairness dictates that one understand his anti-Semitism as incidental, though by no means accidental. It constitutes a response to a genuine problem. The new conscience understands the treatment afforded to blacks as a litmus-paper test of morality. (The Rev. Jackson, as befits a working conscience, is big on litmus-paper tests.) The problem is that Western civilization already has such a test, the treatment afforded to Jews.

The Jews never sought to be the index of the West's morality. The role was thrust upon them by Crusaders, members of the Inquisition, and, most notoriously, by Nazis. They paid dearly for the dubious privilege of being an indicator of decency—or rather, indecency—at any given time.

Yet Jackson, to repeat, faced a genuine problem. The new conscience had to contest the old one, although, and because, it struck many as being in reasonably good shape. It was, to be sure, constantly violated, but there was, at least, a genuine conscience to violate.

Thus one is able to comprehend Jesse Jackson's predicament. He became "sick and tired of hearing about the Holocaust" because the Holocaust was cramping his style. He came to think of Zionism as a "noxious weed" because it was so bold as to assert rights that were far from first on his agenda.

Jackson's remarks about Jews have surely given pause to any number of decent Democrats, but the response to those remarks should give pause to us all. The Democratic party has not repudiated Jesse Jackson, far from it. The seven other Democratic candidates in the race at the time of the "Hymie" incident scarcely even criticized him. Indeed, he was praised for his candor and courage. What shall we say of Jackson's fellow Democratic candidates, who have gone some distance in condoning him? What can their excuse be, in this case, for their failure of conscience? □

William Tucker

JESSE JACKSON: THE GREAT MAN'S POPULISM

White liberals, watch out!

Jesse Jackson and I entered the civil rights movement about the same time. We both started college in 1960, and began participating in demonstrations shortly after. I was in Mississippi in the summer of 1964, and he joined the Selma march in 1965, and went on to become Martin Luther King's trusted aide. So we have something in common.

Of course, I am only saying this to tweak my liberal friends. When I mention these things, they usually draw themselves up in a huff and say something like: "Jesse Jackson and every other black person in this country entered the civil-rights movement the day they were born. You were only dabbling in it, and could go back to the white middle class any time you liked."

I won't argue this. They are perfectly correct. But what I did learn in those few summer months of 1964, and the brief intervals I spent afterwards working in black communities, is something that I don't think many liberals have ever discovered. I learned a bit about what black people are really like, in their homes, their churches, and their neighborhoods.

If I were to sum this up in a sentence, I would say one thing. Black people are not soldiers in the liberal army. They are not the people liberals think they are. They may want the government to help them, they may accept some of the rhetoric about big corporations being evil and Reagan being the "friend of the rich." But basically, black people are very patriotic and conservative. If anything, they are the polar opposites of much of the cultural liberalism that has found its home in the Democratic party over the last decade. At bottom, liberals have never understood what black people are about.

I was reminded of this again recently when my wife and I bought a cooperative apartment in what is usually called a "changing neighborhood." All our fellow co-op owners are card-carrying liberals, ready to rush at a moment's notice to the defense of welfare, school busing, and affirmative action. Yet strangely, they are all terrified of blacks. The first thing they wanted to do was bar the windows, bolt the doors, and maybe even put sentries on the roof in order

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to keep them at bay. I looked around the neighborhood and said: "What are you worried about? These are just ordinary, hard-working black people who hold down jobs, go to church, and even own their own homes." So far, though, I don't think I have managed to convince anyone.

That is just one small reason why I think the Democrats are in for a big surprise this year. The current wisdom is that Jesse Jackson is going to go out registering millions of new voters and build enthusiasm for an anti-Reagan crusade. Then, sometime around the middle of July, he will deferentially step aside and let the plum of 10 million black votes drop effortlessly into the lap of the Democratic standard bearer.

I don't think it is going to happen that way. Instead, I think this is going to be the year that the Democratic coalition of the last 20 years comes apart at the seams. It worked only as long as establishment liberals remained the leaders, and black people were the loyal followers. Now that blacks have produced a true leader—and I think Jackson truly does represent the black community—the liberal coalition is going to find itself marching off in different directions.

The way to understand Jesse Jackson is to realize he is a black populist. He has views that are obviously liberal, but he also has ideas that appeal to conservatives. After all, even such an illustrious conservative populist as James Watt has called Jackson "one of my two favorite contemporary politicians" (along with President Reagan), and says that Jackson is "a bright, articulate leader who is obviously going to have appeal outside the black community."

Jackson is a contemporary William Jennings Bryan, long on oratory, short on detailed foresight, but deeply rooted in the traditions and aspirations of the long-suffering group he represents. The Democratic party of the late nineteenth century purported to represent outcast Midwestern farmers, but when Bryan arrived the Democrats weren't interested in his leadership. They got it anyway—the sophisticated Eastern politicos being shoved aside—and Bryan led them to three spectacular defeats.

Jesse Jackson isn't about to rip the standard out of the hands of Walter Mondale and his old New Dealers, or Gary Hart and his old "new ideaers." But the rifts Jackson is uncovering are deep, and getting harder to mend all the time. In fact, blacks have a major bone of contention with almost every one of the stalwart party groups that now play such a strong role in choosing the nominee.

Black people are not soldiers in the liberal army.

• *Labor Unions*: Let's start at the beginning, at the moment the contemporary Democratic party was born in 1932. It is often said that the New Deal "saved capitalism by rescuing the middle class." This is basically true. Most New Deal regulations—and all subsequent government supervisory efforts—have given established professionals and union laborers protection against "cheap" and "unlicensed" competitors. This is why organized labor still forms the backbone of the Democratic party.

But "cheap labor" simply means blacks. The people who were cut out by the regulatory protections of the New Deal were the unlicensed, unauthorized, and unorganized blacks. (Critic Alfred Kazin, in writing recently about his recollections of race relations in Brooklyn in the 1920s, said that the only thing he could really remember about blacks was that "they were always the people who bid low" on home-improvement contracts.) In exchange for being cut out of the competitive picture, blacks were given the welfare system.

It is not surprising, then, that Jackson has aimed some of his earliest and sharpest barbs against labor unions, and the exclusionary practices that have long kept blacks from competing in the job market. What is truly surprising is that liberals seem incapable of recognizing what is going on. After Jackson made headlines by commenting that "the United States is likely to have a black or a woman President before the AFL-CIO does," the *Washington Post* editorialized indignantly: "Mr. Jackson's attacks on the Democrats and the unions are surely the rational tactics for a candidate with little to lose." The *Post* speculated that Jackson's only grievance against organized labor must be that it was already supporting Walter Mondale! Such lack of understanding isn't likely to carry far in bringing blacks and unions together.

• *The Bureaucracy*: Jackson is one of the few black leaders who has preached self-help and challenged the myth that only "white racism" stands between black people and economic success. Jackson has broken ranks so decisively here that he often comes under criticism from other black leaders. "The questions that have been asked of me the most are 'Why are you putting all of this pressure on the victim instead of the victimizer? Why are you letting the "system" off the hook?' " Jackson said in an interview with *Ebony* a few years ago. "While I know that the victimizer is responsible for the victim being down, the victim must be responsible for getting up."

Since announcing his candidacy, Jackson has tended to emphasize the standard liberal argument that the Reagan Administration is "the friend of the rich and the enemy of the poor." But this has been somewhat tailored to the Democratic primaries. In his stump speeches—which are significantly underreported in the press—Jackson continues to emphasize old-fashioned values of discipline and hard work.

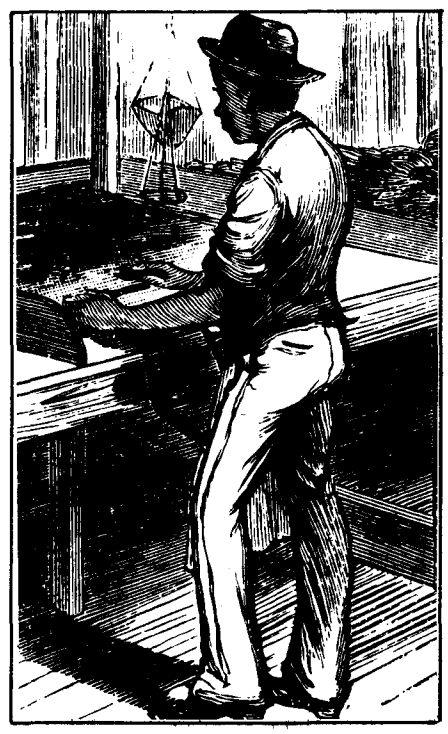
Liberals tend to be uneasy with this formulation, because it sounds too much like the good old-fashioned Horatio Alger approach. It doesn't leave any room for the "helping professions"—social work, psychology, welfare bureaucracy—whose ranks educated liberals usually fill. But it does appeal to the average American, who feels deep down that it is his own personal effort that keeps him afloat. This is why Jesse Jackson is unpopular with liberals but may stir some appeal in the Middle American community.

• *Cultural Liberalism*: Quick, who said the following? "When I see young men measuring their manhood by their ability to make a baby with no commitment to raise the baby, there's a crisis in values. When I see babies making babies, there's a crisis in values. When people get married and don't have the will to stay together, there's a crisis in values. We must restore our moral imperatives."

This was Jackson's stump New Hampshire speech as reported recently in the *Village Voice*. It is drawn straight from the heart of his Baptist ministry and will probably be the bread and butter of his campaign to Middle America. In truth, Jackson is very much like Jimmy Carter (whom he admires). He is trying to wed Southern economic populism with traditional rural values, while still seeming hip enough to appeal to Northern liberals. So far, liberals are the least happy. Women's groups, for example, have sensed his underlying doubts about abortion (although he does support "freedom of choice"). They rarely miss the opportunity to bait him on it.

• *Crime*: Somewhere back in the seventies, many liberals seem to have gotten the idea that letting black criminals out of jail would set off celebrations of joy in the streets of the black community. What they never seem to realize is that, while black people do commit about 60 percent of the nation's violent crimes, they are also the *victims* of 60 percent of these crimes. Richard Hatcher, the mayor of Gary, Indiana, who is one of the few black leaders campaigning for Jackson, has long criticized "the high-priced attorneys who defend the scum and vermin in our communities and then return to their suburban homes."

Jackson argues that one of the principal forms of racial discrimination in the country is "*lack of equal police protection.*" When you look at the difference in crime rates between black and white neighborhoods, it's easy to see what he means. All this doesn't mean there's going to be a political explosion between blacks and ACLU lawyers over the crime issue. But it is indicative of the information gap that exists between the white "leadership" and the black "rank-and-file" of the liberal coalition. →



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• *Foreign Affairs*: This is where the political explosions could occur. Jackson has taken a "Third World" perspective, advocating a hands-off approach to liberation movements and denouncing "repression" in Central America, South Africa, and the Middle East. It is the last, of course—Jackson's continuing friendly relations with the Arabs—that has led to the series of emotionally charged confrontations with Jewish groups.

It should be noted, first, that Jackson's positions are not far out of the mainstream of the Democratic party. They are—with the exception of the Middle East—essentially the policies of the early Carter Administration. On the Palestinians, Jackson argues that his position is no different from that of the minority Labor party in Israel.

Yet obviously something else is going on here. The truth is that Jews have probably been more solicitous of the cause of blacks than any other group in America, but the patronage has probably been based on a tacit understanding that blacks will return this support on the problems in the Middle East. Jackson has emerged as a black leader who does not feel beholden to these agreements, and the recriminations have been rancorous.

What is happening between Jews and Jackson is not likely to abate. In fact, it presages the general falling out all along the line that is likely to occur between blacks and their former liberal allies. What will happen if blacks raise questions about the welfare system and its inevitable destruction of the black family—as the NAACP and the Urban League have already started doing? What happens when blacks start challenging the job-monopolizing practices of labor unions? The liberal attitude is going to be that blacks are "biting the hand that feeds them" and that they are being "ungrateful."

The problem for the Democrats every year since 1968 has been holding together its two mismatched constituencies—upper middle-class liberals and blue-collar working people. Blacks have always been regarded as a passive participant, ready to go along with whatever agreement these two factions worked out. Now blacks are going to become a third constituency that will be even harder to bring under the ever more unwieldy umbrella of the Democratic coalition.

All of us who went to Mississippi that summer of 1964, I think, shared the secret delight that we were discovering a whole spectrum of people whose perspective had been completely submerged in American history. We had been taught that blacks were at once shuffling servants and lascivious satyrs. The people we met, instead, were real and complicated—our contemporaries.

"I'm going to keep working on you until I get a smile and a good conversation," said one local black girl to me as I tried to get over the shyness of the first few days. "Here we are in Vacationland, U.S.A.," another black piped up one morning as we sat around on the steps of the "Freedom House" in Holly Springs. "Not only are we tourists down here, but we're a tourist attraction."

There was a pervasive fear—three of our young compatriots had already been killed—but there was also the heady sense that we were playing a part in history. We started the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, which still plays an important role in the state's politics today. At the end of the summer, one small boy told me he had always thought he hated white people, but now he had decided he changed his mind. That made the whole effort worthwhile.

I can't really claim any more participation in the civil rights effort than that. I came back North to become a newspaper reporter. One terrifically bright local 15-year-old whom everybody at the Freedom House loved went on to become a black student leader at Brandeis, and was written about in a book called *Don't Shoot: We Are Your Children*. The leader of our project, Ivanhoe Donaldson, was deputy mayor of Washington for many years. I met him again in New York recently. He had just started working for E.F. Hutton, specializing in municipal bonds, and was looking very prosperous. I guess the system worked for him after all.

As for my own disillusionment with liberalism, I think I date it from the day in 1972 when I walked down to McGovern headquarters in my small Hudson River village and asked to help. I said I thought somebody should go up and register people in the black community—which was obviously being ignored. "Oh, you want to go up there?" said a stuffy McGovern worker. "You'll probably want to take some of these." And she handed me a pile of McGovern leaflets ostentatiously filled with black faces.

It struck me as a peculiarly arrogant and insensitive gesture. Right from the beginning, it had always seemed to me that the one thing black people did *not* want was to be constantly regarded as different, but simply to be treated the same as everybody else. It was the liberals—employing their "divide-and-conquer" strategy—who kept insisting that black people *were* different, and that their political strategy had to be built around this continuing emphasis.

The results in the primaries so far have at times seemed almost embarrassing. All Jackson's talk about a "rainbow coalition" has failed to materialize, but at least half the black vote is now solidly in his camp. It is almost as if blacks had suddenly emerged as a different country within the confines of the United States.

What is going to happen when the Democrats get to San Francisco? I doubt if there will be any resolution of these differences. The convention may begin with neither Mondale nor Hart in complete command, and Jackson in a position to broker a win for either of them.

The strongest ticket the Democrats could put forth, of course, would be Mondale and Hart, or Hart and Mondale. But it is certain that Mondale would not settle for second place again, and Hart seems too vain and isolated to do it either. The question is invariably going to arise, "Why not Jesse for Vice President?"

At this point, all hell is going to break loose. As much as Hart's battalions of liberals and Yuppies and Mondale's legions of elderly, blue-collars, and Jews may antagonize each other, they will probably all agree that "selling out" to Jesse is the worst thing either of them could do. Thus the whole thrust of the convention may become how to keep Jackson off the ticket. This isn't likely to sit well with ten million black voters who call themselves Democrats.

Whatever happens, one of these three main factions is going to come out of San Francisco feeling they have been cheated and "read out of the party." My guess is that Jackson is going to be the loser.

What will this mean for November? Jackson could feel wronged enough to put a "Rainbow Party" on the ballot and be a spoiler. (This seems even more likely if the Democrats fail to nominate a woman for Vice President. Jackson is certain—and will then claim—to be the true "minority" representative.) Or he could just tell black people to sit on their hands in November. In any case, it is certain that the young black voters who turned out in such remarkable numbers for Jackson in the primaries will not go to the polls with the same enthusiasm for Hart or Mondale in November.

In the end, though, these changes will be good for everybody. People who think Jackson is wedded to the Democratic party haven't been paying much attention. In the mid-seventies, Jackson was involved in an effort to get black candidates to run on the Republican line in the South in order to circumvent entrenched white Southern Democrats and revive the two-party system. When Democrats complained after Jackson accepted an invitation in 1978 to serve as the keynote speaker at a meeting of the Republican National Committee, he replied: "Some Democrats who feel that blacks are their personal political property became offended because one of their slaves jumped the fence . . . The Democratic party will get our votes only if they deserve them. Neither party is worthy of blind loyalty and religious veneration."

I suspect Jackson's primary campaign is merely a preliminary to the founding of a black party that will attempt to negotiate between the two parties to see which will give them a better deal. And why not? This is what every other ethnic group in America has eventually done to ensure its political success.

The Jesse Jackson campaign, then, is not a liberal apotheosis. It is just the opposite. It is the emergence of blacks from under liberal domination. Jackson sees himself as a Moses leading his people toward the promised land, and in this case leaving Egypt may mean spurning the Democratic party. The only people who are going to lose are those liberals who have believed for so long that by mumbling a few phrases about welfare and affirmative action they could quietly walk away every year with nearly 10 percent of the electorate. □

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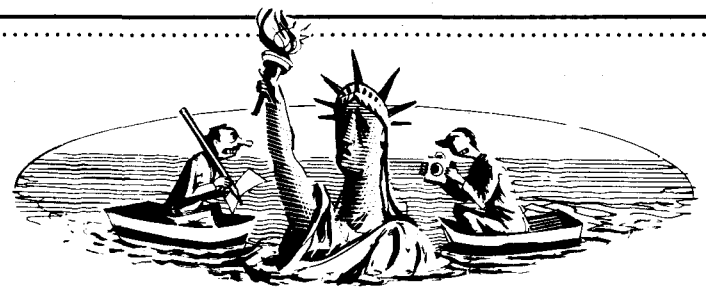

WHENCE HARTPENCE?

by Fred Barnes

Did the press miss something? Was some rough beast named Gary Hart slouching month after month toward Manchester and victory in the New Hampshire primary, only to have reporters miss the whole thing because their eyes were averted? Far from it, though it surely warms the hearts of many detractors of the political press to think so. Nothing at all was missed in the Hart phenomenon. When he was campaigning indifferently and attracting little attention and even less support, that was reported accurately. When the Hart fad began around mid-January and then mushroomed after the Iowa caucuses, that was reported with still more eye-popping accuracy.

So don't blame the press for failing to see Hart as a potential front-runner in the Democratic presidential race at the time when he wasn't any more a potential front-runner or incipient front-runner or embryonic front-runner than Reubin Askew. Besides, there was something that the press *did* miss, namely the shallowness of the support for Walter Mondale. Recall for a second all those stories written from the early fall of 1983 right through to the eve of the New Hampshire primary last February. The gist was that Mondale, having disposed niftily of his only serious challenger, John Glenn, had the nomination all but locked up. I confess this was my view, particularly after Mondale took the Iowa caucuses overwhelmingly.

Why the misjudgment about Mondale's political strength? The reason is that all the usual measuring sticks used by reporters to gauge how well a candidate is doing failed. Every one of them—opinion polls, organization, crowd size, fundraising, endorsements—indicated that Mondale was headed toward the nomination without glitch or bump. They suggested a depth of support, a commitment on the part of Democratic voters to Mr. Mondale, that just isn't there, it turns out.

Despite the miscalculation, I frankly don't know what I'd substitute for the conventional tools used in calibrating a politician's strength. Perhaps you simply have to accept as immutable fact that politics, like economics, isn't a science, no matter what they call the college courses. And political reporting, like economic reporting, is guesswork, often uneducated guesswork. Reporters tend to have short memories, while suffering from the illusion that they are equipped to see the future. Whatever happened yesterday or over the last week is certain to continue inexorably in the future. If Mondale did well yesterday, why that must mean he's got the nomination sewed up. If Hart did well, why that must mean Mondale's a goner.

Hart, of course, said all along that he would soar to front-runner status. "Mondale is mush," he told Sidney Blumenthal of the *New Republic*, referring not to the quality of Mondale's thought processes but to the durability of his appeal. Early last January, Hart sneered at a story in *Newsweek*—"Can Anyone Stop Fritz?" was emblazoned across the cover—that implied Mondale was already the winner. "I think *Newsweek* did exactly the same piece 12 years ago," he told Larry Eichel of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. "And Muskie had more endorsements, was higher in the polls, had advantages that Mondale doesn't have. They talk about Mondale's great organization. He has 175 paid people in Washington, that's all. They can't do a thing for him if his message isn't solid. Neither can organized labor. At some point, people have to vote for him or against him. At some point, the message is what matters. . . . In New Hampshire, I will move from the status of dark horse and become a national candidate. That will happen right here [in New Hampshire]. Then I will get more press coverage, my standing in the polls will rise, money will come in and then I win. After this state, it will be a contest between myself and Walter Mondale, and I will win."

Pretty prescient stuff. I heard Hart spin out a scenario like that last December, in between speeches before crowds numbering in the single digits. The trouble is, every also-ran candidate had some plausible-sounding if farfetched scenario that ended with his triumph. Ernest Hollings had one; it, too, involved a breakthrough in New Hampshire. Askew had one, based on a good showing in New Hampshire followed by a super showing in the South on Super Tuesday. John Glenn had one; he was to emerge as front-runner by sweeping the South. Only Glenn's was given any credence in the press, and then his scenario was dismissed as unlikely after he faded last fall, leaving Mondale the leader.

But Glenn and his strategists were right about one thing. They told reporters that Mondale had reached the ceiling of his support and that there was a huge non-Mondale bloc of voters out there. Whoever came out of Iowa as the alternative to Mondale would inherit that bloc, he said. But instead of Glenn it was Hart. And suddenly, all the indicators began to point accurately to a Hart surge—large crowds, improved organization, better fundraising, a few new endorsements, a rise in the polls. The daily polling of ABC News and the *Washington Post* captured the Hart ascendancy as he moved to equal footing with Mondale, and they reported it. True, there was reason to be dubious. Unless you think Jimmy Carter was re-elected in 1980, there are grounds for being skeptical of the ABC-*Post* poll.

Hart is not a creation of the press. He's just a fellow clever enough to know how to exploit the press, for a time at least. In the week leading up to the New Hampshire primary and for two weeks after it, Hart was covered in a totally unreflective, wow-look-at-him-go fashion, especially on television. This put him in the enviable position of having his so-called free media groove perfectly with his paid media (produced by a little-known but talented consultant named Raymond Strother). Not surprisingly, he went on a winning streak.

The highly flattering coverage didn't happen because reporters like Hart so much; believe it or not, he is far from being their favorite candidate (Mondale or George McGovern would qualify for that). Like Carter, Hart treats reporters as intellectual inferiors, as paparazzi. Yet in the haste to catch up with the hot new star, some breathtakingly ingenuous things were written about him. "He has the courage of his convictions," wrote the normally levelheaded Michael Kramer of *New York*. Hedrick Smith of the

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Fred Barnes is National Political Reporter for the Baltimore Sun.

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New York Times, interviewing Hart, treated snippets from his "future-past" shtick as holy writ. To make matters worse, columnist Anthony Lewis seized on the interview as full of profundities for all generations of Americans. "In that interview Senator Hart broadened out his theme in a way that I thought was significant," Lewis wrote. "He spoke not only of past and future but of an American idealism seeking new ways of expression—a theme that speaks just as much to voters over 45."

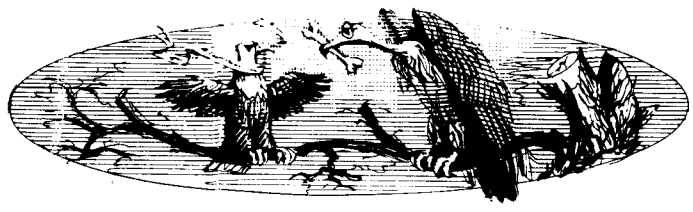
Unfortunately for him, Hart is not a humble man, and he gave off the impression that he had mastered the press in such a way that he was getting a free ride. That's something a politician should never do. Look what happened to Jesse Jackson when he thought he was so golden with reporters he could utter anti-Semitic epithets. Barbara Walters bludgeoned him during a television debate on February 23, and it took him weeks to recover. For Hart, the honeymoon ended March 12, the night before Super Tuesday, when two TV networks ran negative pieces about him, one dealing with his name and age changes. The next evening, Roger Mudd of NBC savaged him in a live interview.

"Television loves to destroy what it creates because it doesn't trust what it creates," wrote Thomas Shales, the TV critic for the *Washington Post*. "Last year the media scoffed at Hart's concentration on issues and dubbed him idealistic and uninteresting. Now that he is demonstrating tremendous charismatic prowess on television, they clobber him for allegedly ignoring issues and call his 'new ideas' nonexistent." Shales was half-right: television didn't create Hart, but it does love to destroy and scoff and clobber.

Hart's first two gaffes of the campaign came right after Super Tuesday, and the press was whetted. He got a solid week of negative coverage before the Illinois primary; the free media no longer grooved with the paid media. And he lost. But don't start thinking the press has become the arbiter of who is going to be the Democratic presidential nominee this year—or any other year. If that were the case, Mondale wouldn't have gotten into trouble in the first place. Or in earlier years, Jimmy Carter would never have won the nomination. Or Ronald Reagan the Republican nomination. Or Barry Goldwater. The press can help or hurt a candidate; it can't cause him to win or lose. A candidate has to do that on his own. □

THE NATION'S PULSE

WHERE THE BREAD?



by Don Herzog

Money: We may want it, more and more of it, endless gobs of it, all the time; but it makes us uneasy, too. It doesn't take much to realize that we can do without a food processor in every room, or that a hungry obsession with checkbook balances might not lead to the most sensible appraisals of one's friends. America may be the quintessential bourgeois paradise, a land of Babbitts with vapidly complacent grins happily salting the stuff away. But America is also the country of Thoreau, sternly insisting that we don't own our possessions, they own us.

In her latest book,[1] Elizabeth Drew joins a long, distinguished line of indignant writers shocked by the corrupting power of money in politics. Aristophanes heaped merciless abuse on Pericles for daring to pay jurors: Instead of being another display of civic pride, Athens' jury, he thought, had become a place where tired old men with nothing to do sat to collect a few drachmas. Jonathan Swift bitterly deplored the new race of stockjobbers worming their way into Walpole's government, and cried out for the good old days when corruption hadn't reared its loathsome head, when men were motivated by a virtuous love of country. Montezuma, an Antifederalist shrewdly pretending to be a Federalist, revealed that Federalists liked the proposed Constitution because it would keep property in their hands. Edward Bellamy, as American a socialist as one could ask for, told businessmen that his Nationalist movement was really quite conservative: He was, he said, trying to rescue republican self-government from the new plutocracy, the giant corporations suddenly making a mockery of American democracy.

The list stretches on, and on, and on some more. The refrain grows rather tiresome, especially when one realizes that it sounds suspiciously like the boy who cried wolf. Since 5th-century Athens, and no doubt before, Western civilization has apparently always been about to slide down some desperate precipice of corruption. A steady stream of doomsayers has vainly alerted countless generations that now, right now, the politics of virtue is being replaced by the politics of money-grubbing. Drew too likes to sound doomsday tones: Her book ends with, "The public knows that something is very wrong. . . . Until the problem of money is dealt with, the system will not get better. We have allowed the basic idea of our democratic process—representative government—to slip away. The only question is whether we are serious about trying to retrieve it." So Drew invites some higher wisdom, or some outright cynicism: The good old days never existed; money and politics have always been entwined; they always will be. Case closed.

Righteous indignation, of course, need not signal there's anything wrong with the world. Instead it might betray the colossal naiveté of the indignant. If Drew really thinks that once upon a time, representatives, carefully screened from the excess influence of their constituents as Publius hoped they would be, deliberated on the common good, well, we might say, so much the worse for Drew. And the case against Drew might be reinforced. Like so much else of today's muckraking, *Politics and Money* is an exercise in journalism by innuendo. The sources are often anonymous: On page 97, which I selected at random,

Don Herzog is assistant professor of political science at the University of Michigan.

[1] *Politics and Money*. Macmillan, $11.95.

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Drew tells us what "The young lawyer-lobbyist," "A member of Congress," "Some of the interest groups," and "One lobbyist" say. And Drew's mighty stream of anecdotes never quite nails down her sweeping conclusions.

But there is a less apocalyptic way of describing the place of money in politics. Writers can focus more closely on some concrete context and refuse to draw sweeping conclusions, Maxwell Smart style, about the fate of the entire civilized world. And despite her sometimes charged rhetoric, Drew has written a book that can also be read in this less apocalyptic way. So strip away the occasionally fulsome indignation, if you like. Keep a wary eye out for the frequent appearance of mysterious sources and second-hand evidence. Remember that people have been saying something like this for a very long time. But read her book, which manages despite itself to be instructive.

Enthusiasts of money celebrate its infinite convertibility. Libertarians prize the market for multiplying our options. And indeed the range of goods up for sale is staggering. But, as Michael Walzer has been arguing for some time, some things shouldn't be for sale. I don't auction off A's to my students; they have to earn them by mastering the course material and demonstrating their mastery. A woman deciding between two suitors would rightly be irked if one offered her a down payment of $25,000 for her hand. Politicians aren't supposed to sell lucrative contracts to old pals. Judges don't overturn jury awards of countless millions to pocket cuts from thankful corporations.

Doubtless all such sales are sometimes made. But we know they're illicit, so they're hidden. And when they come to light, not only do we get the normal wave of indignation; sometimes we actually introduce reforms, to try to block such sales in the future. It may take money to unlock options in capitalist society, but for some options money is just the wrong key.

The latest revelation of wrongdoing in high places in American politics, of course, was that curious ensemble of fiendish and silly events known as Watergate. The discovery, as Drew puts it, "that large, illegal corporate contributions had gone toward the election of Richard Nixon in 1972, that individuals had contributed enormous sums—the champion being W. Clement Stone, who contributed more than two million dollars—and that ambassadorships had been awarded to large contributors" produced the predictable lip service to purity and virtue. But it also produced a Congress willing to pass a tough new law intended to insulate elections from the pernicious influence of money. So we got public financing of presidential campaigns; restrictions on how much of his own money a candidate could spend, and how much total money might be spent; all sorts of disclosure requirements for contributors and the new race of political action committees; limits on how much an individual might independently spend to help some candidate's campaign; a massively powerful Federal Election Commission to serve as all-purpose watchdog; and more. The goals were to permit elections to be decided for the right reasons—namely how attractive the candidates are to the people—and to free elected politicians from any dependence on the special interests funding their elections.

What happened? In 1976, a motley collection of litigants—Senator James Buckley, Eugene McCarthy, the New York Civil Liberties Union, Stewart Mott, and *Human Events*—finally made their way to the Supreme Court to challenge the new law. In *Buckley* v. *Valeo,* the Court agreed with some of their arguments. Under the Constitution, held the Court, a candidate

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may spend as much of his own money as he likes; an independent individual may spend as much as he likes to help out the candidate; and the government may not legislate ceilings to total expenditures in campaigns. Somehow in their general onslaught Buckley and company neglected to challenge the limit on independent expenditures by political action committees. But that challenge has been pressed since. The Supreme Court bobbled the issue on a 4-4 vote in January 1982 (Justice O'Connor excused herself from the case because her husband had served on the finance committee of Americans for an Effective Presidency). But it will soon hear it again, since this past December a federal district court panel unanimously ruled the limit unconstitutional.

Some observers think the courts have taken the bite out of the law. And that may be. But I'm inclined to think the courts simply speeded up the application of one of the only valid social science generalizations I know: Reform doesn't eliminate corruption; it redirects it. Winning elections still does depend quite a bit on how much money one can muster to the cause. And legislative decisions still reflect the influence of contributors.

That's not to say that elections in this country are simply bought and sold, or that bills in Congress are. There's an occasional slip of her pen here, but Drew's case is more subtle. How is the influence of money exerted now? What effects does it have? And why does it matter?

Politicians need money to campaign. TV time is expensive, and so are newspaper ads, constant travel, mailings, and any sizable paid staff. So it takes a fair amount of money to mount a credible campaign for any federal office. But it's not the absolute level spent that really matters. Politicians on the hustings want to have significantly more money than their opponents. If you can get slick ads aired twice as often as your opponent can, or more often in prime time, you get a big jump on the other side. The quest for comparative advantage sets off a race. Unhappily, Drew's evidence on the amounts of money involved is anecdotal and piecemeal; but it is still stunning. The National Association of Realtors gave out $6.7 thousand in 1970, $1.6 million in 1980, and $2.3 million in 1982—to congressional candidates alone.

But the money going to candidate coffers, so-called hard money, may be the tip of the iceberg. Soft money is money spent independently of the official campaign effort, money spent on such activities as getting out the vote and helping the party. The rules governing its use are, to put it charitably, porous. And then there is money spent by so-called independent committees, money spent for the candidate but not under his purview. Independent expenditures for Reagan in the 1980 campaign came to $10.6 million (the figure for Carter was $28 thousand). How independent? Consider Jesse Helms's description of North Carolina's independent effort: "The law forbids me to consult with [Reagan], and it's been an awkward situation. I've had to, sort of, talk indirectly with Paul Laxalt and hope that he would pass along, uh, and I think the messages have got through all right."

It should come as no surprise that Republicans raise more money than Democrats do. But, oddly enough, it apparently surprised the Democrats. They initially liked the idea of political action committees, figuring that these would let them tap labor support. Needless to say, they miscalculated; business PACs raise far more money than do labor PACs. A cynical Republican, then, might think there's good reason to be happy with the system as it stands. Every candidate needs money to run, and every candidate finds groups out there willing to

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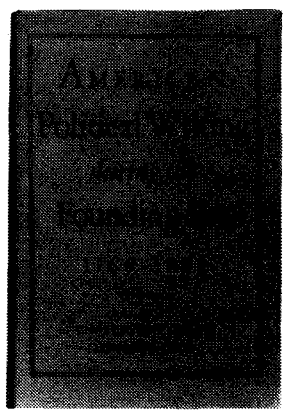

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give. Some will just happen to raise more money, and they will just happen, time and time again, to be Republicans.

Even the cynic has reason to worry, though, provided he has any commitments at all to the educating power of open democratic debate. This is politics, and the money surely doesn't come without strings. It's rare, maybe unheard of, for individual votes to be bought and sold—though used-car dealers made Congress overturn a perfectly sensible Federal Trade Commission regulation forcing them to list anything seriously wrong with an automobile. Instead, lobbyists and contributors are generally buying access. A congressman's time is precious, and if thirty people call the office to discuss the latest tax bill and he can see only six, you can be sure he won't be turning away any big contributors.

After all, it's not just past money that matters; it's the promise of future money. PACs, as Drew describes them (she doesn't use the analogy), are like drug dealers. They hand out allotments of money, and the fabled first one may indeed be more or less free. But sooner or later pressure may be exerted on some bill. It's no accident, for example, that members of committees like Ways and Means receive far more contributions than other politicians: Their votes matter more to the people disbursing the money. The pressure need not reach the point of blatant threats and promises. There seems to be a mutual understanding that one doesn't do things like that. And often there need be no explicit pressure at all. The congressman already knows whom he can antagonize with the wrong vote. But however genteel its mechanisms, the only name for the current system is influence-peddling.

People invent ingenious defenses for these practices. It's just like advertising on the market: Different groups can use money and access to make their views known; then the congressman-consumer decides. Or it's old-fashioned pluralism in a new guise: Out of the buffeting blows of various interest groups comes the vector sum of the common good. But these defenses are too ingenious. They're testimony to our willingness to believe that what is, is good.

In politics right now, what is is bad. Given the race for money, and the ever-present threat of the next election, politicians have to worry about how much money they can raise. They spend more and more time raising it, and inevitably become more and more beholden to their benefactors. What's left of the '74 election reform imposes no real obstacles at all. Here Drew's argument is undeniable: The law simply makes the flow of money from donors to candidates more circuitous.

So the race goes on. Who's to blame? Not the politicians: given the situation, they're just acting rationally. Drew, I think, would blame the groups so eager to plunk down their dollars in this exhilarating political game. But her argument points in a different direction. It impeaches the kind of democracy the USA now has. More bluntly, if less accurately, it impeaches the voters.

Despite its honorable pedigree, there is something different about the corruption Drew describes. These politicians are not pocketing bribes; ABSCAM is a very different kettle of fish. Drew's corrupt politicians pour money not into their checking accounts, but into their campaigns. It's those rather mindless commercials—campaign spots, with their five or six sentences—that consume all this money. Media consultants aren't the only ones who know that these ads work, that they sell candidates as effectively as other ads sell the latest commodities. Voters are relatively uninformed, uninvolved, uninterested. So filing off to the polls, they respond to those silly commercials. In the polls, we reward the moneyraisers; we propagate the very politics Drew indicts so indignantly in the name of the public.

Democratic theorists have sometimes worried about how rational voters are. John Stuart Mill, departing from classical liberalism's concern with good institutions, even insisted that good government depends chiefly on the traits of the citizenry. "Of what avail," Mill asked sadly, "is the most broadly popular representative government, if the electors do not care to choose the best member of parliament, but choose him who will spend most money to be elected?" Here Mill invites us to swing back to thinking of virtue and corruption, to melodramatic ruminations on the decline of decency.

But Mill's main line of thought is far more sensible. If it takes a less than consummately rational voter to respond to mindless advertisements, it takes a steady barrage of mindless advertisements to mold a less than rational voter. We can dissent from the suggestion that American democracy is becoming rotten at the core. And we can be quite skeptical of the intimation that public policy is now simply bought and sold. A more modest conclusion will do: The use of money is now a problem in politics. I daresay there are no obvious or easy solutions, either. □

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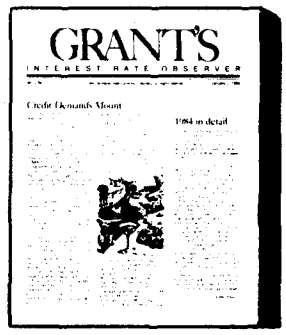

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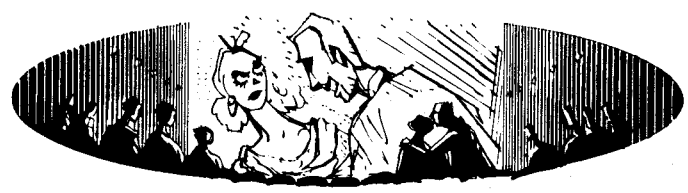

AGAINST ALL BODS

by Martha Bayles

Taylor Hackford's *Against All Odds* is supposed to be a remake of *Out of the Past,* a 1947 classic of the genre known as *film noir.* Created largely by German émigrés during the forties, Hollywood *film noir* is *noir* in two senses: The nighttime settings are black, and so is the vision of human nature. Usually the plots revolve around a corrupted woman, the evil fellow who corrupted her, and the innocent hero whom she in turn corrupts.

Hackford has dispensed with the old-fashioned visual blackness, claiming to have found a sunshiny equivalent. Having recently arrived in L.A., I was intrigued by his stated ambition "to do an unsentimental portrait of the city . . . to shoot the city as a clear, piercing reality. Los Angeles can be cold and hard and mean." I suppose he accomplishes something like that in the beginning, when the two male leads race their sportscars along Sunset Boulevard. Crazed, naked egos willing to kill for a trivial victory—it rings true, although I must say the deck was stacked; never yet have I seen Sunset Boulevard with so little traffic to dodge.

Beyond this, however, the colorful and luxurious settings combined with the presumed darkness of character and motivation remind me of nothing so much as the prime-time TV soap operas—"Dallas," "Dynasty," and the rest. This film's imagination of evil, of how human beings are corrupted, and to what purpose, is straight out of the J.R. Ewing school. Capitalism is the enemy, as the sicko bad guy, Jake Wise (played by James Woods) turns out to be not sicko so much as hopelessly in thrall to Big Money in the form of a real estate developer and owner of a football team, Mrs. Wyler (Jane Greer, the original femme fatale in *Out of the Past*), and her silver-haired, black-hearted attorney (Richard Widmark).

Here's the plot: Mrs. Wyler's beautiful daughter Jessie (Rachel Ward) has rebelled against her cold, hard, mean socialite mother by getting involved with the equally cold, hard, mean but socially unacceptable Jake Wise. As the movie starts, Jessie has had enough of Jake, too, and runs away to Mexico, leaving both Jake and Mrs. Wyler trying to hire the same football player, Terry Brogan (Jeff Bridges), to go hunt for her. Bitter toward Mrs. Wyler, whose ruthless policies have recently caused him to be cut unceremoniously from her football team, Terry opts for Jake's offer, even though Jake is a creepy nightclub owner whose sleaze is barely covered by his slick.

Off Terry goes, with a few snapshots and words of Spanish, to find Jessie on a picturesque Mexican island where she lives the simple life in an immaculate white linen smock and a hundred-dollar haircut. Naturally, she is irresistible, and the love affair begins before Terry can even down his tequila. Now, lust was definitely the theme in the old *film noir,* but the attitude toward it was different. Back in the 1940s there was still the quaint notion floating around that sexual immorality was related to other forms of wrongdoing—that carnal indulgence with a stranger might be the first step toward losing one's social reputation, one's moral judgment, and the possession of one's soul. Hollywood has helped to liberate us from that notion—and goodness knows, we are grateful. But the movies . . . somehow the seduction movies aren't quite as suspenseful when the half-coital billboard outside advertises the fact that the stars will be getting it on in the first twenty minutes or your $4.50 back.

And why shouldn't they? What else is there for them to do? Well, that's a question this movie has trouble answering. Without any moral impediment, the seduction has to be made fatal by other, more literal means. Instead of a slow, complex battle of wills between hero and siren, in which he throws away his integrity as she lures him step by step into her coils, we have a lot of photogenic, sweaty sex in a couple of photogenic Mexican settings—no hassle, until Jake and the cold, hard, mean capitalists track the lovers down. Then the bullets fly, and so does Jessie, only to reappear back in Los Angeles reunited with Jake.

If this betrayal is supposed to substitute for the calculating wickedness of the classic *film noir* heroine, then we really have come a

Martha Bayles is film critic for The American Spectator.

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long way, baby. Jesse couldn't calculate her way out of a clothing boutique, much less deliberately entrap an unwilling hero. She is simply afraid, of Jake and of her powerful mother; and the only conflict between her and Terry is that he tries harder than she does not to be their pawn.

There's so little conflict between the lovers because there's so little relationship, except of course the interrupted sensual one. When Terry finally confronts Jessie back in L.A., they are both so busy clawing at each other's clothing they don't have time to discuss the life-and-death situation they are in. This, I gather, is what the ads and reviewers mean by "steamy"—straining muscles, gleaming perspiration, and bulging veins in place of the subtleties of mental conquest and submission. The battle of wills has become a physical display.

I realize, of course, that we can't ask a contemporary film to postpone gratification—I'm sure that would be very harmful to all of us. But Taylor Hackford's 1982 hit, *An Officer and a Gentleman,* dealt so well with the subject that I expected better. In *Officer,* the young Navy pilots and their girls are just as precipitous about getting into bed, but the film has an admirable distance on the drawbacks of such haste, as both couples climb back out having to face the task of getting to know each other. Since one couple succeeds and the other tragically fails, the point is well made that fast sex does not lead to fast trust, understanding, or even destructive manipulation. All these things take time, because they occur between human beings, not bodies.

There is simply no developed interaction, for good *or* ill, between Terry and Jessie. In the *film noir,* physical attraction and lovemaking were background—it was the psychological give-and-take that got dramatized. Here it's the other way around. Jeff Bridges seems to have prepared for the role by building up a newly muscled physique. (He used to be a butterball; now he's a lifeguard with the face of a butterball.) As for Rachel Ward, she is a marvelous specimen who might even be able to act, if she had a part. The only thing we can be sure of here is that she has parts.

On second thought, I might be doing Mr. Hackford a disservice. Perhaps his film does say something about Los Angeles, or about a certain aspect of Los Angeles. After all, the Olympics are coming, with the venerable ideal of physical competition between peoples of different nations, languages, and political ideologies. Presumably, the glory of the Games is that despite our mental disagreements we are all bodily the same, able to share at least that much common ground.

Think about it. Isn't this a pretty fair account of the sexual ideal held up in much of today's entertainment? Hollywood seems quite convinced that communication is no longer possible between men and women—so the reason for distrust no longer needs to be explained, dramatized, or examined. It is simply there, an automatically assumed fact of life, no plot development required. Yet, as in Moscow, Lake Placid, and Sarajevo, there is this bodily common ground. Perhaps by witnessing a contest between the finest representatives of either side, we can begin again to grope toward mutual respect?

I look forward to the logical extension of this trend—when the classic ideal of physical culture meets up with our highly advanced view of sex as a muscle-straining performance standing in for the now-defunct mental debate between the sexes. If athletes need only understand the rules, not each other, then Hollywood and the Los Angeles Organizing Committee may very well converge. Men and women unable to carry on a conversation, much less marry one another, will seek a new understanding through public displays of erotic prowess. I leave it to the reader to name and classify the events; just give me credit for having seen it coming, when one fine day you turn on your telescreen and watch the magnificently endowed competitors parade out onto the stadium-sized mattresses, ready to begin the All-Gender Division of the 1996 Olympic Sex Games. □

THE GREAT AMERICAN SALOON SERIES

QUAFFING IN MASSACHUSETTS

by Joe Mysak

The presence of millions upon millions of college and graduate-school students sets the tone of the drinking in Massachusetts, and it is a rare man who can drink there and leave with a shred of dignity intact.

The drinking in Massachusetts. It comes as readily off the tongue as the tennis at Wimbledon, the racing at Churchill Downs, the sailing at Newport, the riding to hounds. And it is as freighted with meaning.

"It's all sweetness and light with them now," said Reed over the justly famed double cheeseburgers at Charley's Kitchen, near Harvard Square, nodding toward a loud table of preps and prepettes. "Let's see how many of those couples are still together in ten years."

The drinking in Massachusetts, as Barrister Reed would note later that evening, is not for wise men or sad doggies. One cannot properly drink there in gloom and despair, sit with the Churchillian black dog and tensely try to put to flight the demons. The best I could come up with in all my tours of duty in the state was a kind of paralyzing wistfulness, which set in shortly after reality broke like a flare over the dark and scarred romantic battlefield one night, suddenly illuminating my futile pursuit of a fairy princess. As I recall, I sat there thinking, when did life get to be so complicated? The drinking in Massachusetts is, for the most part, like the New Women in Manhattan: shallow, insincere, and prone to hysteria.

For one thing, there are too many pink cheeks around. For another, too many perfect smiles over white turtlenecks set off by midwinter tans. For another, too many brows unmarred by rejection and worry, grinding and scrambling, hesitancy and inadequacy. It is all a bit jarring. The first night out, you're still raging in biliousness or roaring about sports. The second night you're talking philosophy, but find the conversation peppered with inexplicable references to deck shoes and waterfowl-embellished canvas-web belts. By the third night, you are dredging up anecdotes about the American History seminar with Prof. Shenton, and loudly correcting someone else's French. I mean, really.

Putting them down with collegians grown belligerent on the night air is not civilized drinking. Nevertheless, it is not without a certain entertainment value. How does one explain, for example, the party at Wellesley?

We begin the night with eight or nine 16-oz. Tall Boy Carling Black Labels—certainly a sign of desperate men. The "party" at Wellesley turns out to be seven demure lasses living in a large, powerful house straight out of *Town & Country* who want to have a cookout. After the correct amount of gasoline is consumed, six guys in their boxer shorts stand in a snowbank incinerating weenies on a gas grill. It is 13 degrees, and the ice-encrusted swimming pool beckons mightily.

Nor is there any explaining the 80-mile drive through the interior to see the only girl at Mt. Holyoke who voted for Reagan. The next thing I know I am sitting in one of the 1,700 places called "College Inn" across the state, at a table filled with suspicious coeds. I vaguely remember the place having green all-weather carpeting, garden furniture, lighting more suited to a store selling Scott's Turf-Builder, and a leering bartender who dispensed dusty bottles of Bud. The obligatory duet on piano-organ and dulcimer, named "Tapestry," wailed away in the corner.

"You look great," my friend offered. "You really do."

I had just come out of a 14-hour hangover proving the truth of Franklin's saw, he who drinks fast pays slow, and was gasping like a fish

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on a hot dock. The paralyzing wistfulness seized me. *What's going on here?* I thought I had left such scenes behind years ago.

I mentioned lighting. In truth, there is hardly a saloon in the entire state that knows it is meant to be dark. "I don't like to drink in a place I can read a book," a friend once said. In fact, the best saloons are as dark as theaters. Yet throughout Massachusetts the saloons are dreadfully, cheerfully as bright as Mom's kitchen. This goes for places like 33 Dunster Street, off Harvard Square, which is filled with old oak, books, and anachronisms walking in from *The Big Chill* talking about relationships, needs, and reassurances; or the Eire Pub, a Boston workingman's bar President Reagan once stopped in for a beer—a fact proudly attested to by numerous photographs of the event and a bronze plaque. It goes for such an esteemed spot as the Golden Dome, a cozy place near the state house filled with pols and journalists and damned few delinquents, and for Clarke's, a place where the preps line up to get in.

"There's something wrong," I said to native guide Reed. "All this . . . *light* . . . I feel like a mole."

Such primitive conditions typify the rookie nature of the drinking in Massachusetts. Yet not everything is dismal. The Parker House in Boston is great in the way classic, old-time hotels are great: heavy wood, polished brass, plate glass, thick oriental rugs, comfortable black leather barstools, an army of waiters and various attendants, and displays of food fit for a Cunarder. The place is expensive, but it is also conducive, even soothing.

At the other end of the scale, but no less impressive, is a place it will take a bit of doing to find. It's in Brighton, and its only name is BAR, although now I seem to recall a shamrock painted over the door. Good mahogany bar, brass rail, apparently the first General Electric air conditioner ever installed in a bar in America, and pornographic tiles in the bathroom; the kind of place with ice in the urinal. More indicative of its character, however, was a little exchange I happened to witness one fall afternoon. On the television we had been watching a movie featuring a pioneer woman leading her children through the wilderness, losing her husband to a cholera epidemic, shooting a grizzly bear, fighting off a pack of ravenous wolves with nothing but an oar, hacking apart a bullmoose with an axe—things like that, all within about a half hour. A jug-eared old woolhat sitting at the end of the bar asks the bartender, "This might not be that *On Golden Pond*, would it?" The bartender finishes swabbing out a glass, pulls thoughtfully on his cigarette, and replies, "Don't know. Might be."

Here were men who knew what they were about, dispensing and downing the exalted product of brewery and distillery. Here were men unconcerned with the subtle ironies and recondite meanings, with William James, with the status details of *the right shirt*. Here was an actual saloon concentrating on the essentials. Such unspectacular dumps, of course, are relatively unknown in the great state. But don't let that stop you. Go to the drinking in Massachusetts. It may be the only way to learn what Coleridge meant by dignity: the absence of ludicrous and debasing associations. □

CORRESPONDENCE

William French Smith: An Exchange

Tom Bethell has written a column that raises the question of whether liberal journalists aren't the only ones who favor fancy to fact. "Smithwick and the Hive" (*TAS*, March 1984) is Bethell's reckless attack on Ronald Reagan, William French Smith, and the Department of Justice.

In the spirit of full disclosure, I have worked for more than a year as a special assistant to William French Smith. Like Tom Bethell, I am a conservative and a contributor to this magazine. And like Bethell, I believe there is, as he calls it, an ideological "war in progress."

I also believe that judging success in this war requires taking a look at what our side is actually doing. Bethell, however, refuses to do this, preferring instead to judge Smith by his perception of Smith as "the country club lawyer who earns a ton of money, spends an inexplicable amount of time on the golf courses of Palm Springs, and thinks of Washington as a place where you have an opportunity to drive about in a chauffeur-driven limousine if you have the right White House connections."

Smith is wealthy, but the rest of the description is a mean piece of fiction. And plainly there is more to Smith than money. It is hard to imagine how such a Smith as Bethell creates could have been able to achieve the conservative legacy that his successor will inherit. And it is this legacy—this product of the Smith years at the Department of Justice—that must be weighed in any reasonable evaluation.

Today, thanks to Smith, the Department of Justice is attacking crime in a significantly more concerted manner than at any time in recent years. The resources devoted to criminal law enforcement have dramatically increased since 1981. Violent crime has been a constant target; so has organized crime, both in its traditional and newer forms, and particularly as both are engaged in drug trafficking. It can be no coincidence that the reported rate of crime has declined over the past three years.

Also thanks to Smith, the Department of Justice has initiated important policy changes in a number of areas, including antitrust and civil rights.

In antitrust, the Department now employs sound economic analysis to determine whether a company's actions work to the benefit of consumers; gone are the economic theories of the populist Left that focused on the wrong questions. The goal of antitrust policy in Washington today is not to prop up failing businesses or to attack all others as too big, but to ensure competition and efficiency, and lower prices for everyone.

In civil rights, the Department consistently seeks remedies other than busing for school segregation and remedies other than racial quotas for employment discrimination. Indeed, the Department unambiguously opposes busing and racial quotas. The Department is aggressively committed to the principle of nondiscrimination.

Also thanks to Smith, the Department of Justice has encouraged debate on one of the most important issues of our time—the role of the courts in a democratic republic. The Department has recommended for the bench individuals who believe that the courts should read and apply the law, not make it. And the Department has taken positions in the federal courts in favor of principles that limit the reach of the judiciary. In particular, the Department has sought to discourage expansive readings of the Constitution and federal laws that do violence to the intentions of their authors, and ultimately the will of the American people.

There is more to this conservative legacy, much more. But strangely enough, Bethell apparently thinks that under Smith there were "no actual policy goals to aim for—government programs to be developed, changed, or abolished."

Bethell applauds the appointment of such academics to government positions as Donald Devine to the Office of Personnel Management and William Bennett to the National Endowment for the Humanities. Those were indeed excellent choices. But nonacademics can also help carry the fight. Smith has.

Bethell correctly notes that Bennett, a friend of mine, made a "principled attack" on "reverse discrimination." But Bethell fails to point out that Justice, under Smith, made such an attack as early as May 1981. Moreover, Bethell fails to observe that in objecting to the demands of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission—this was the context of Bennett's attack on reverse discrimination—Bennett was doing as Justice months earlier had done. Bennett freely points out that he got the idea for opposing the EEOC from Justice, and Justice is pleased to have this most able ally—alas, our only one in the federal government so far.

Bethell criticizes the Civil Rights Division within the Department, which is headed by William Bradford Reynolds. Reading Bethell, a conservative might conclude that no good thing could be coming out of Civil Rights. But plenty of good things have. As he does with Smith, so Bethell does with Reynolds: He fails to ask what the man has actually done.

During the past three years, the Department of Justice has opposed racial employment quotas in Boston, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Detroit, Memphis, and now Birmingham. It has opposed a racial set-aside program in Dade County, Florida. It has refused to endorse compulsory busing and successfully encouraged the adoption of magnet schools and other remedies for school segregation.

Furthermore, the Department of Justice has successfully appealed to the Supreme Court in opposition to the tendency of the federal bureaucracy to expand the civil rights laws beyond the

(continued on page 46)

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BOOK REVIEWS

REAL PEACE

Richard Nixon/Little, Brown/$12.95

Mark Falcoff

A few months before the 1980 presidential elections, Richard Nixon published a thick, carefully documented treatise on the international situation with the rather provocative title, *The Real War*. Begun some time before the hostage crisis in Iran and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, it had the good fortune to appear in bookstores just about the time that the national mood was turning sharply against the isolationism-cum-pacifism which passed for American foreign policy during the first three Carter years.

The message of *The Real War* was simple: The Third World War was already underway, being waged in dozens of twilight struggles around the globe, largely in Third World countries most Americans could not locate on a map. By ignoring them, or downplaying their geopolitical significance, the Carter Administration was missing the entire point of the Soviet challenge. Those familiar with the writings of Walter Laqueur, Elie Kedourie, Richard Pipes, Edward Luttwak, or much of the European strategic literature would have found little remarkable in these views, but coming from a former President of the United States, and the one chief executive of the last generation generally agreed to have the greatest flair for and experience in the formulation of foreign policy, they could not be ignored. To some degree, *The Real War* helped to set the agenda for the 1980 presidential debate on international issues, and in that sense may have in some small way contributed to President Reagan's victory.

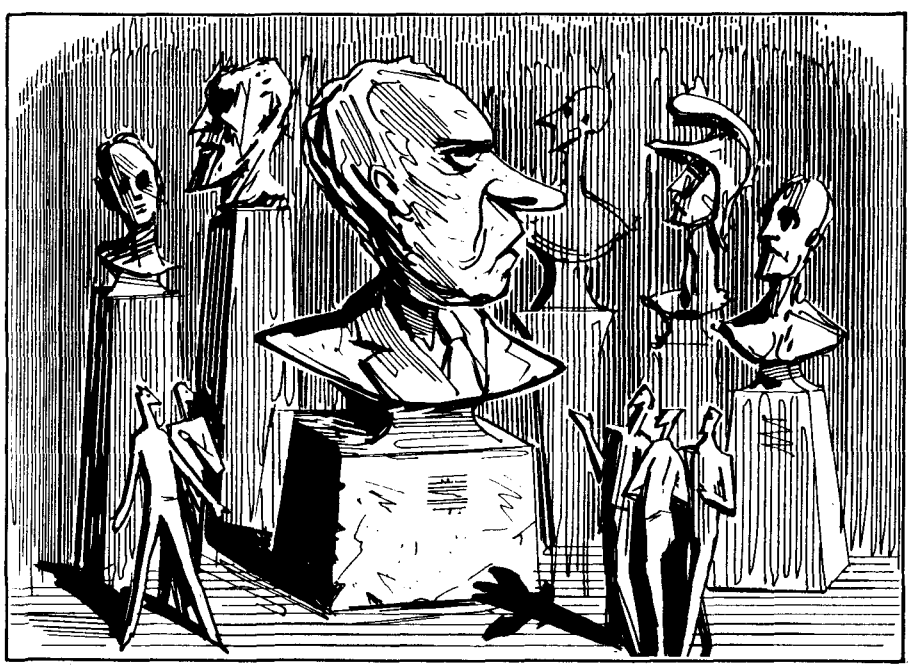
Now we are in a new election year, and a new book by President Nixon is upon us. Although some of the themes of *The Real War* reappear in *Real Peace,* the books are quite different in tone and content. Whereas *The Real War* is like a very long and sometimes turgid lecture, *Real Peace* resembles nothing so much as a series of five or six snappy breakfasts with Mr. Nixon, in which the reader is treated to a *tour d'horizon* of the international situation, with a double order of croissants, plenty of hot coffee, and not much opportunity to get a word in edgewise.

The former President is a master of his subject, and in that sense he still commands our attention. But what he is actually saying here may be lost to all but a few careful readers—namely, that the Reagan Administration has failed in its own way to seize the middle ground between confrontation with and appeasement of the Soviet Union. By rattling sabers and by the use of overblown rhetoric, it has frightened allies and promoted a tactical convergence between its Democratic critics and its mortal enemies far to their left. And by emphasizing arms buildups to the exclusion of almost all other forms of national power, it has made a costly and serious mistake.

Now, it is easy to see why this subtext is not immediately apparent. First of all, the author spends far more energy exposing the errors and follies of what might be called the Cranston-Jesse Jackson-Jonathan Schell school of international relations. Second, President Reagan is pointedly congratulated from time to time on reversing this or that parlous Carter policy. Third, and perhaps most important, the administration is never directly attacked for any policy—everything is by indirection. For example, in one context both "superdove" and "superhawk" approaches to a problem are examined and found wanting. It is apparent to whom the former category applies; but then again, whom else could Mr. Nixon have in mind when referring to the latter? Surely not the John Birch Society?

Precisely what are Mr. Nixon's present views on the Cold War? How do they differ from those of the Reagan Administration (and its critics)? What chances of success would they have if applied to today's international environment? The book begins with an important conceptual distinction between what the author calls "real peace" and "perfect peace." Perfect peace—the absence of conflict—is impossible, because we live in a world of competing nations; in that world, weapons cannot be disinvented nor political differences wished away. What Mr. Nixon calls real peace (probably "achievable" or "realistic" peace would be closer to his meaning) is possible, however, if we manage to take the profit out of war.

There are two forces at work which have the effect of moving the Soviet Union, at least potentially, toward real peace. One is the relative parity of nuclear arsenals, which would presumably deprive either side of a meaningful victory in the event of an all-out war. And the other is the disadvantageous position of the Soviet Union at home and abroad—an economy that does not work, rebellious subjects on its Western boundaries, and far-flung international commitments which are costly and in some cases very thinly spread.



As Mr. Nixon sees it, the Soviets are torn between cutting the deal they need with the West, and attempting still further to tilt what they call "the balance of forces" by intervening in the Third World; Afghanistan is merely the most recent example. Thus before we can reach an agreement with the Soviets, we first have to convince them that it is in their interests to make one at all. That in turn requires a posture which combines strength, firmness, and a permanent willingness to negotiate our differences—what Mr. Nixon calls "hard-headed détente." Such must be based, he writes, "on the strength of arms and strength of will sufficient to blunt the threat of Soviet blackmail." But, he adds, "this should be combined with a mixture of prospective rewards for good behavior and penalties for bad behavior that gives the Soviet Union a positive incentive to keep the peace rather than to break it."

Our author admits that he is outlining a policy which will require a patience and a perseverance utterly uncharacteristic of our political culture. But it is, he insists, the only one that will work. The mere search for agreements to sign for their own sake virtually invites further Soviet aggression. Conversely, "confrontation and isolation strengthen a dictatorship. Hard-headed negotiation and contact with the outside world can weaken it."

In outlining a negotiating strategy with the Soviets, President Nixon stresses two factors—linkage to specific issues, and a willingness to make that linkage implicit rather than to shout it from the housetops. But even the best performance at the conference table will be for naught if the efforts of U.S. negotiators are not backed by the Congress and the American people, as in the case of the Paris Peace Accords on Vietnam. Nor will it mean very much if we do not have the support of our allies and also Japan. →

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Mr. Nixon is perfectly aware of the fact that the Western alliance is coming a bit apart at the seams, and he suggests three ways to strengthen it—one, militarily, by increasing NATO's conventional forces; two, through a more closely coordinated policy toward the Third World; and three, through the more consistent application of our combined economic power for political and geopolitical purposes. His treatment of the second point is particularly interesting. "We must scan the globe the way the Soviets do," he writes.

When all is quiet in the Third World all is not necessarily well. The potential for unrest in a country often smoulders just below the surface. Up to now, we have only moved to put out the fires of revolution once they started. In the future we must keep them from igniting at all.

The West must learn how to practice preventive political medicine. More economic aid now could reduce the possibility that we would be called on for more military aid later.

Real Peace undeniably spells out a complete foreign policy, one that—if articulated by any public figure less personally controversial than Richard Nixon—would merit serious consideration by both our political parties and the broader foreign-policy public. Yet even so, it is difficult to imagine any future administration—regardless of its inclinations—proceeding along the lines which *Real Peace* recommends.

For reasons well-known to Mr. Nixon and readers of this journal, during the last fifteen years almost all of the major foreign policy questions in the United States have become domestic—that is to say, partisan—issues. There is no national consensus on arms control, East-West trade, human rights, even immigration policy, and one is not likely to come into existence in the foreseeable future. At least, not as long as the rewards for politicians (and the media people and pollsters who light their way) are greater in undermining the foreign policy efforts of any administration than helping them succeed. To which one should add, inevitably, the post-Vietnam trauma which (though the passage of time and subsequent events in the Indochinese peninsula should have ameliorated) is still very much with us. The dominant wing of our foreign policy establishment—in spite of some welcome remissions—still wants to ask the world, particularly the Third World, for permission to exist (and does so in nearly every issue of *Foreign Policy*). But the conservative reaction—and really, that is often all it is—is neither very helpful nor very persuasive. For when all is said and done, and regardless of the fact that the Soviets do incontrovertibly murder, cheat, and lie, the present configuration of world power forces us to coexist and deal with them. That is why even administrations like the present one are ultimately forced to clasp causes like "arms control" or "human rights" to their bosoms. But they do this, please note, only after first having denounced both, and thereby losing valuable ideological ground which is twice as costly to make up.

Obviously, there are reasons for such behavior. To articulate the kind of foreign policy Mr. Nixon outlines would doubtless position any future Republican (or Democratic) administration quite advantageously once it took office. But getting elected is more than nine-tenths of all political wisdom. Since the Democrats' problem in this regard is well known, let us for a moment consider the case of the Republicans. Can one imagine, seriously, that the sober, balanced appraisals in *Real Peace* are the kind of thing that would lead habitués of the rubber chicken circuit in Texarkana or Walla Walla to ring doorbells for Ronald Reagan? Or Jack Kemp? Or for that matter, Richard Nixon, were he to begin his political career again? No sireee, it's that old-time religion that gets 'em every time.

Of course, when we look abroad the problem is just that much more difficult. *Real Peace* outlines what our European policy should have been like these last ten years, what in fact Europeans are always telling us they want from us—namely, coherence and continuity. But Mr. Nixon's notion of a revitalized NATO, eagerly or reluctantly embracing worldwide responsibilities and obligations—whatever its intellectual merits—strikes me as frankly fantastic.

To begin with the alliance proper: He cites approvingly a study by the London *Economist* which found that it would be possible to improve significantly the posture of NATO's conventional forces with only a "modest" increment in allied defense budgets—about four percent a year. This sounds reasonable enough—to an American reader. To many Europeans, however, it is simply intolerable. First, they prefer to use that money to shore up their own deficit-ridden welfare states. Second, they regard even marginal increases in defense spending as strategically meaningless, and some go so far as to claim that they would be excessively provocative. And third, Europeans are convinced that, come what may, the Americans will ride to the rescue should their judgment of Soviet intentions prove wrong. Mr. Nixon writes that fear of the Soviets alone is not enough to sustain the alliance. True enough, but that is not the issue. Fear of the Soviets is, in fact, what at this stage is *undermining* the alliance—fear, compounded by illusion, wishful thinking, and in some cases, deliberate deception. It is a serious problem, but one no American policy can adequately treat.

Mr. Nixon's vision of NATO cooperation outside of Europe seems even more unlikely. No reviewer should have to remind the former President how utterly insular and provincial the NATO nations have become, and this in spite of their acute dependence—far greater than our own—on imports of energy and strategic raw materials. Moreover, if the intended beneficiaries of the Carter Doctrine on the Persian Gulf were scrambling to distance themselves from it almost within minutes of its enunciation, what chance is there that on issues of far lesser import to them but greater moment to us—say, Central America—we can count on their cooperation or even their benevolent neutrality? Mr. Nixon reminds us of the longer European experience in the Third World and urges us to draw upon it, citing with approval the role France recently played in Chad (and, presumably, Lebanon). But the French approach is a special one, and in any case not likely to be extended outside its own historic sphere of cultural influence. For most European countries, the Third World is either a force to be feared or appeased, or a resort area for its liberal conscience. For some, like Sweden, it is both.

Mr. Nixon is surely right to point to the very considerable economic and political advantages which, potentially at least, the West could bring to bear

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either with regard to the Soviets or the Third World. But on the most basic questions we in the West seem farther apart than ever. Witness, for example, the U.S. position on grain sales to the Soviets (this, after sponsoring an embargo), or the Thatcher government's posture on the pipeline. The problem is not "structural," but moral. We no longer know how to use our assets because we no longer agree upon what our foreign policies are supposed to do—except avoid immediate discomfort. That is a subject about which President Nixon knows a great deal, and about which he could probably write a very good book; perhaps he will yet do so. □

THE DEATH PENALTY: A DEBATE
Ernest van den Haag and John P. Conrad/Plenum Press/$16.95

Jeremy Rabkin

I read this book with a keen sense of *déjà vu.* A few years ago I was myself recruited into a public debate on the death penalty with a representative of the ACLU. I didn't exactly think of myself as a *champion* of the death penalty at the time, but I didn't want it said that *everyone* on our campus agreed with the ACLU. Besides, the organizers were billing the debate as "The Death Penalty: Justice or Murder?" I was confident that I could demonstrate that capital punishment was morally distinguishable from "murder," whatever its ultimate "justice." I determined to offer a dispassionate, analytical counter to my opponent's demagoguery. And in the event, I succeeded to a large degree—allowing the ACLU's man to run away with our college audience.I spoke for defensible distinctions, he argued from passionate convictions, and, after all, it was no real contest.

As its subtitle promises, *The Death Penalty* is arranged as an extended debate, and it is certainly a more balanced contest than my own half-hearted debate. Ernest van den Haag is an unapologetic advocate of the death penalty and, as readers of *The American Spectator* are doubtless aware, an extremely able polemicist. John P. Conrad, an academic criminologist, describes himself as an "old-fashioned liberal" (and yes, an ACLU member "for many years"). The book consists of alternating chapters by Conrad and van den Haag, with each given space to rebut the other's major arguments and then to reply to rebuttals. In this written format, van den Haag's crisp analytic rejoinders are often devastating, while, bereft of stage atmospherics, Conrad's rhetorical appeals fall rather flat.

But if Conrad fumbles his side of the debate, it is not clear that van den Haag has really established his own position. As in the ongoing national debate on this subject, the two sides in this book seem determined to skirt the central issues at stake. Perhaps the chief interest of *The Death Penalty* is what it suggests about the limitations of our public debate on the subject.

Like so much of the contemporary public debate, most of the argument in *The Death Penalty* centers on the deterrent effects of the death penalty. Conrad insists that most citizens are too decent to need the behavioral reinforcement of the *lex talionis,* while most murderers are too irrational to heed it. He scornfully dismisses those statistical studies—notably by economist Isaac Ehrlich—purporting to show that the execution of murderers can measurably reduce the murder rate. Van den Haag does find merit in these studies but concedes that it has not yet been "proved statistically in a conclusive manner that the death penalty does deter more than alternative penalties." Instead, van den Haag appeals to "common sense" and to an uncommonly sophisticated argument about the way in which the threat of extreme sanctions can effect attitudes and behavior in various unconscious or indirect ways.

In fact, van den Haag himself shows that the dispute over deterrence is largely beside the point. He reports that in previous encounters, he has pressed a variety of "abolitionist" advocates with this challenge: If you were persuaded that every execution would deter or prevent 500 subsequent murders, would you still urge the abolition of the death penalty? All admitted this would not change their position and Conrad, too, after some squirming, takes his stand with these abolitionists from "principle."

Conrad puts this admission in better perspective, however, by challenging van den Haag to embrace torture as potentially an even more effective deterrent than simple execution. Van den Haag tries to wriggle out of the challenge by insisting that torture would not be a greater deterrent than death, but he offers no evidence to support this counterintuitive claim. In his own introduction to the volume (entitled "Death But Not Torture") van den Haag had urged that "methods of execution that may be painful, such as electrocution, or present an unavoidable psychological burden, such as gassing, ought not to be used" because even advocates of the death penalty "should favor the elimination of unnecessary cruelty." If additional torments are "unnecessary" to deter would-be murderers, how can van den Haag be so sure that executions—as opposed, say, to life-terms in prison—are really necessary? Or putting it more directly, if van den Haag is squeamish about court-ordered torture, how can he begrudge Conrad his moral reservations about capital punishment?

Van den Haag disables himself by disclaiming any reliance on the moral "desert" of murderers in his case for the death penalty. He tells us that he does "share retributivist feelings about what is deserved morally," but "retributivism," he insists, "cannot be right or wrong: it is a feeling and feelings just are." Thus van den Haag continually returns to the deterrence argument, for here "one can have facts, not opinions." About the moral "seriousness of crimes," he maintains, "one may have opinions; unfortunately one can have nothing else." Van den Haag carries this positivist argument so far that at one point he casually ex-

Jeremy Rabkin is assistant professor of government at Cornell University.

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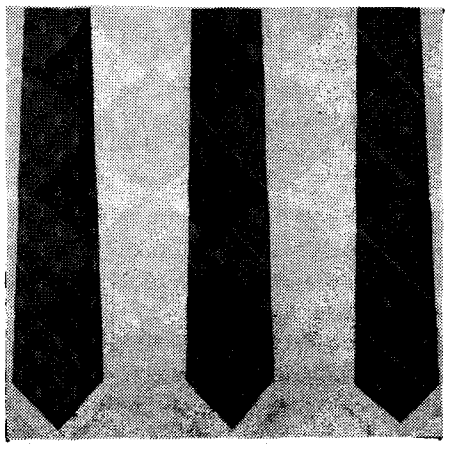

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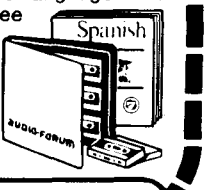

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plains the "difference" between murder and execution "is that the former is unlawful and the latter is not."

Van den Haag does not tell us why he thinks it impossible to demonstrate the truth of moral claims. From his other writings, it is evident that his position does not derive from complete philosophical innocence or simple mental laziness. But it does seem to defy common sense—otherwise a favorite arbiter for van den Haag—along with the currently most powerful schools of philosophy. And, of course, such thorough-going moral skepticism must finally defeat his own arguments for capital punishment. He himself concedes that available evidence—"the facts"—cannot now demonstrate the superior deterrent effect of capital punishment "in a conclusive manner." And he himself has goaded his opponents to admit they would still oppose capital punishment even if the deterrent argument could be proved. Van den Haag says that innocent life—which may be saved by deterring would-be murderers—"is valuable to me, whereas in my eyes, the murderer has forfeited his life by taking that of another." But he can only call this a "feeling" and by his own lights it has no more rational force than the contrary "feeling" or "opinion" of his opponents.

It is left to Conrad to point out that a retributive theory of justice "provides the advocate of capital punishment with the strongest support for his side of the argument." Yet, paradoxically, it is Conrad who associates himself with this moral argument, describing himself as an "unabashed retributivist." He disavows the "naive" expectation that criminals can be "rehabilitated" by prisons and rejects the notion that "malfunctions of society" should be more blamed for crime than the criminals themselves. The "first social function of the prison is to punish" and punishment should be "scaled according to the seriousness of the crimes, not according to opinions about the severity required to deter them." So this debate seems to offer a very strange role reversal: the liberal opponent of capital punishment eagerly embracing the moral duty to punish, while its conservative defender urges a program of behavior modification through "disincentives" to wrongdoing—crime control as social engineering.

But the appearance is misleading. Just as van den Haag's hard-headed deterrence argument rests on a moral premise he is unwilling to defend, Conrad's moral posture derives from a political perspective he is only intermittently willing to express. In truth, Conrad's embrace of "retributivism" is confused, if not disingenuous. Thus he invariably explains the obligation to punish in utilitarian or political terms: Society needs prisons "for the maintenance of order." But we cannot commit all serious offenders to long prison terms because "we can't afford it"—financially. Indeed, Conrad sometimes depicts criminal sanctions of any kind as mere expediential exceptions to "all the doctrines of religion and morality . . . that human beings must not harm one another."

Protesting efforts "to smother me in a stereotype that is dear to conservatives," Conrad insists he is no soft-headed bleeding heart. One can easily grant him this (his accounts of the condemned murderers he has interviewed do not betray many illusions). But this does not change the impression that his opposition to capital punishment has less to do with moral principle than with an abiding fear of moralism. At bottom, his "abolitionist" stance reflects a revulsion at the moral hubris involved in imposing the death sentence: "Only God can say who is irretrievably evil."

Calling himself a "natural rights moralist," Conrad maintains that "*all* human beings, even the least deserving among us, have an equal and inalienable right to live." It hardly matters that none of the great theorists of "natural rights" doctrine—not Hobbes, not Locke, not Jefferson—thought the doctrine precluded capital punishment. Classical liberalism, with its depiction of the state as a mere device for the protection of "inalienable" individual rights, does seem to rob the state of ultimate moral authority—of the authority to execute judgment, in the Biblical sense. That is the essence of its appeal to those who cherish liberty. It is not necessarily soft-headed to argue that the secular state lacks the authority to make ultimate moral judgments and should thus be denied the power to enforce ultimate human sanctions. But such arguments raise a whole host of unsettling questions about the moral status of the law and the ultimate foundations of public morality.

Why, for example, should the state conceived in these terms finally have any authority to *punish* at all—as opposed merely to quarantining aggressors or forcing them to bear the financial costs of their depradations? Conrad seems to have no more than the faintest glimmerings of the moral precipice his argument approaches. In the circumstances, his rhetorical embrace of "retributivism" seems not merely a posture to deflect opponents but a formula to reassure himself—and excuse himself from further thinking. Few readers are likely to be so reassured, however, by a self-proclaimed "moralist" who can reduce "all the doctrines of religion and morality" into a blanket prohibition on "the infliction of pain or humiliation or deprivation on a fellow human being."

Conrad's confused appeals to morality make it easier to sympathize with van den Haag when he dismisses all moral argument as so much "opinion" or "feeling." But here, too, there is more than rhetorical strategy involved or, at least, more than rhetorical posturing for this particular exchange. In arguing for the moral obligation to execute murderers, one would have to advance or embrace a moral vision going far beyond govern-

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ment's proper response to homicide. As a champion of tolerance and limited government, van den Haag may be understandably reluctant to take on such a daunting intellectual and political agenda. But I do not think people can be persuaded about the rightness of the death penalty if they are not convinced about the rightness of much else besides.

Van den Haag himself remarks near the end of the debate that "the main significance of the death penalty both to retentionists and to abolitionists is symbolic." After all, he notes, some 55,000 people die in traffic accidents each year in the United States and more than 20,000 are murdered each year; the annual toll from executions is likely to remain a mere handful. Therefore, capital punishment "is important as a sign from which one can infer social attitudes and that is meant to express them." But both sides in this debate are strangely reluctant to explore the broader "social attitudes" embodied in our national division over the death penalty. Neither Conrad nor van den Haag suggests any connection between his argument on the death penalty and the ongoing controversy over government's obligation to protect unborn life—or, for that matter, on the controversy over the proper scale of health and safety regulation. Neither ventures any comment on the moral authority of government to compel military service, to conduct armed interventions abroad or punish "victimless crimes" at home. Nor does either take up which crimes ought to receive the death penalty or which ought to be punished as severely as first-degree murder. Van den Haag does occasionally note the parallel between our squeamishness about the death penalty and our reluctance or induced incapacity to impose any real punishment at all for the overwhelming majority of criminal offenses; but he is content to flourish this as little more than a debater's point, without much attention to its causes or its implications.

With each side trying to preempt the moral premises of the other, with both sides conspiring to screen out the broader ideological context, the debate between van den Haag and Conrad offers too few clues about what the death penalty is "symbolic" *of*. Of course, one does not want to see condemned criminals made the wretched instruments for a reaffirmation of society's "moral fiber." Nor does one want to see debate on a particular issue turn into a massed confrontation where each participant tries to crush his opponent with the accumulated weight of his own ideological baggage. But surely the wider debate on the death penalty continues to engage our political energies and moral passions precisely because it is not an isolated policy dispute, but a piece of a larger struggle over the kind of society or the kind of people we conceive ourselves to be. *The Death Penalty* reveals too little about what is at stake in that larger struggle, even within the confines of its own "debate." □

DARK HORSE: A BIOGRAPHY OF WENDELL WILLKIE

Steve Neal/Doubleday/$17.95

Richard Brookhiser

In Steve Neal, Wendell Willkie has what every public man deserves—a sympathetic biographer. Abuse and distortion come during the lifetime. Reductionism ("how his father beat him, how he ran away," as Auden put it) comes later. Dismissal ends all. Neal tells the life of the sixteenth Republican to run for President in a friendly, straightforward, and, with one exception, honest book.

And what a turkey he was. None of Willkie's political opponents was an entirely admirable figure. Within the GOP, Thomas Dewey and Robert Taft wielded sharp minds largely untempered by imagination. Franklin Roosevelt was flexible but superficial. But even with Neal pulling for him all the way, the man who trounced the first two and threw a momentary scare into the third emerges as vain, impulsive, selfish, shallow, and foolish.

How did he get that way? His parents seem to have been worthy folk. Both their families left Germany after the failed revolutions of the nineteenth century. Herman Willkie became a lawyer, a liberal Democrat (William Jennings Bryan once stayed in his house), and a reform-minded school superintendent. He also made a respectable sum in real estate. Henrietta was the first woman admitted to the Indiana bar, and the first woman in the town of Elwood to smoke cigarettes. She crocheted, played the piano, and left the cooking to a housekeeper. Lewis Wendell (an army clerk later reversed the names) was born in 1892, and eventually followed his father into the law.

Maybe there was something too self-conscious in the do-gooding of the senior Willkies that implanted itself in their son, ultimately to swell to international proportions. Wendell Willkie did genuine good. When the wild Democratic Convention of 1924, which he attended as a delegate from Ohio, fought a memorable donnybrook over the renascent Ku Klux Klan, Willkie firmly took the anti-Klan side. The Akron branch of the Invisible Empire wrote to inquire when he had gone on the payroll of the Pope, to which he replied that the Klan could go to hell. But there was something inflated even about these early actions that gives them the puffy appearance of gestures. "My personal feeling about the League of Nations," he wrote in a letter to a pro-League Democrat for whom he was offering to work, "almost reaches the point of religious conviction." Meanwhile Willkie looked to his career. He worked for Firestone Tire and Rubber until 1929, when he left for Wall Street.

His employer was a large utility holding company, Commonwealth and Southern; he became president in 1933, at age 41. There he could profitably have stayed. Willkie was an innovating executive, cooking up bonuses and alluring rate schedules. But the New Deal sucked him into industrial politics. The Tennessee Valley Authority was many things to many people: a building block of socialism, in the minds of supporters and critics; a potlatch to the locals, with the pros-

Richard Brookhiser is senior editor at National Review. *He is writing a book about the 1984 election.*

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pect of a return potlatch on election day, in the Tammany tradition it more closely resembled. For Commonwealth and Southern, TVA represented an order to sell its facilities to the federal government. Willkie fought a five-and-a-half-year retreat before the irresistible project. National magazines began asking him for articles, and New Dealers debated him, usually to their sorrow.

Willkie acquired a mistress as well as a reputation. He had married Edith Wilk, a small town librarian, when he was not quite 26. But he commenced chasing skirts until, in 1937, he met Irita Van Doren, book editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*. This impressive woman managed to hold his attention. They consorted quite openly, Willkie once gave a press conference in her apartment. Only here, in recounting their affair, does Neal falter, for the explanation which tumbles from his Kaypro, like a can from a Coke machine, is that Willkie had—"grown." Was it love? Was it fun? Was she stacked? Was she stimulating? Neal probably means something like the last, but the easy cant of personal development, as debilitating as adultery itself, makes it seem as if Willkie took Van Doren like a post-graduate course.

Van Doren helped write and edit Willkie's essays. She also introduced him to Ogden and Helen Reid, publishers of the *Herald Tribune,* the leading organ of eastern seaboard Republicanism. In March 1939, the paper published a letter to the editor suggesting that Willkie run for President; the letter was signed by Helen Reid's brother.

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The Republican party had been a fire-sale item for nearly a decade. Herbert Hoover in 1932 had taken the worst pasting received by a major party candidate in a two-man race since Winfield Scott—until 1936, when Alf Landon set the all-time record, which still stands. After the Court-packing scheme and the 1938 off-year elections, however, the GOP's fortunes perked up considerably, and the nomination looked like something worth having again.

Secretariat was not handled more carefully than Willkie. *Fortune* commissioned a major article by him for its April 1940 issue. The first draft, according to editor Russell Davenport, was "a little half-baked," so Van Doren and Davenport helped Willkie overhaul it. John and Gardner Cowles, publishers of *Look,* sponsored Willkie on a delegate-hunting tour of the Midwest. *Life, Time* and the *Saturday Evening Post* swung behind him in due course. In May, Davenport left *Fortune* to become Willkie's campaign manager—more a shift of institutional formalities than the undertaking of a new job. Meanwhile, a pro-Willkie petition started by two young Wall Street lawyers collected 200,000 signatures. A real grass roots movement, Joseph Alsop observed to Alice Roosevelt Longworth. "From the grass roots of ten thousand country clubs," she replied.

The 1940 Republican Convention was one of the rowdiest of modern times, and it is best told from the point of view of the winner. The front runner was Thomas Dewey, 37-year-old District Attorney for New York, with Senator Robert Taft of Ohio a strong second. The two were ideological antagonists, and Willkie profited from their deadlock. He was also helped by old-fashioned dirty tricks. Neal is not quite sure that Samuel Pryor, the Willkie man who chaired the convention's committee on arrangements, slipped Herbert Hoover a dead mike, thus fatally muting the former President's stemwinder. He is certain that Pryor packed the galleries with roaring Willkie-ites, whose unrelenting chant of "We Want Willkie" beat down on the hapless delegates like an aural *tsunami.* Willkie sat out the pro-

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ceedings in a chaotic hotel room (deliberately picked by Davenport to be as cramped as possible, the better to suggest his dark-horsiness), telling reporters and delegates what a homespun, unpolitical fellow he was. After the fifth ballot, the Michigan delegation, hanging by a hair, notified Cincinnatus that they would tip the scales in his favor if he would be agreeable in the matter of federal judgeships. "To hell with the judges," Willkie agreed. "I am thoroughly convinced," wrote H.L. Mencken, "that the nomination of Willkie was managed by the Holy Ghost in person. At the moment the sixth ballot was being counted, I saw an angel in the gallery. It wore a Palm Beach suit and was smoking a five-cent cigar, but nevertheless it was palpably an angel."

But there was also an issue. Hitler invaded Norway and Denmark in April, the Low Countries in May. France fell one week before the convention opened. Virtually all of the Republican leadership, from aging robber barons to Plains states populists, wanted America to stay out. Some—Hoover, Dewey—were willing to help beleaguered England. Only Willkie's heart was in it.

The Republicans' scruples were not frivolous. They foresaw that participating in another world war would put a permanent crick in the structure of the republic, and they were right. Some feared that we would be taking on the less dangerous opponent, and they were probably right—for, however dynamic National Socialism was, Communism has proved to be more tenacious. Hitler was the girl history had fun with, Stalin the one it married.

But this is Monday morning talk. Totalitarianism ignores boundaries. We don't know what Hitler's empire of the spirit could have looked like. Neal in passing gives an inkling, and it is not nice. In 1940, George Sylvester Viereck, an American Nazi, presented a plan to the German Embassy to subsidize isolationist congressmen in lobbying the Republican platform committee. Such a lobbying blitz took place, orchestrated by Representative Hamilton Fish, Sr. Neal does not say which, if any, of the lobbyists knew of Viereck's scheme. One would have been too many. But there would have been more than one in a postwar world subject to Nazism's magnetic field.

The campaign was anti-climax. Willkie was perforce reunited with his wife ("politics makes strange bedfellows," she observed). Democratic copies of Willkie's letters to Van Doren were balanced by Republican copies of letters from FDR's running mate, Henry Wallace, to a Russian theosophist.[1] Under the circumstances, both parties took the high road.

[1]A sample of Wallace's devotional prose not quoted by Neal: "I have been thinking of you holding the casket—the sacred, most precious casket. And I have thought of the new country going forth, to meet the seven stars under the sign of the three stars. And I have thought of the admonition, 'Await the stones.' "

After the election, the two contenders got on well. Willkie was approached several times about founding a new national liberal party, though one has the impression Roosevelt was toying with him for immediate political effects. For greater good and ill, Roosevelt sent Willkie abroad—to London in 1941, an important signal of solidarity, and a year later to China, Russia, and the Middle East. Van Doren and others then helped him assemble the best-selling *One World.* Neal quotes little of it, which is understandable. I reproduce a passage cited in Richard Norton Smith's *Thomas E. Dewey and His Times*:

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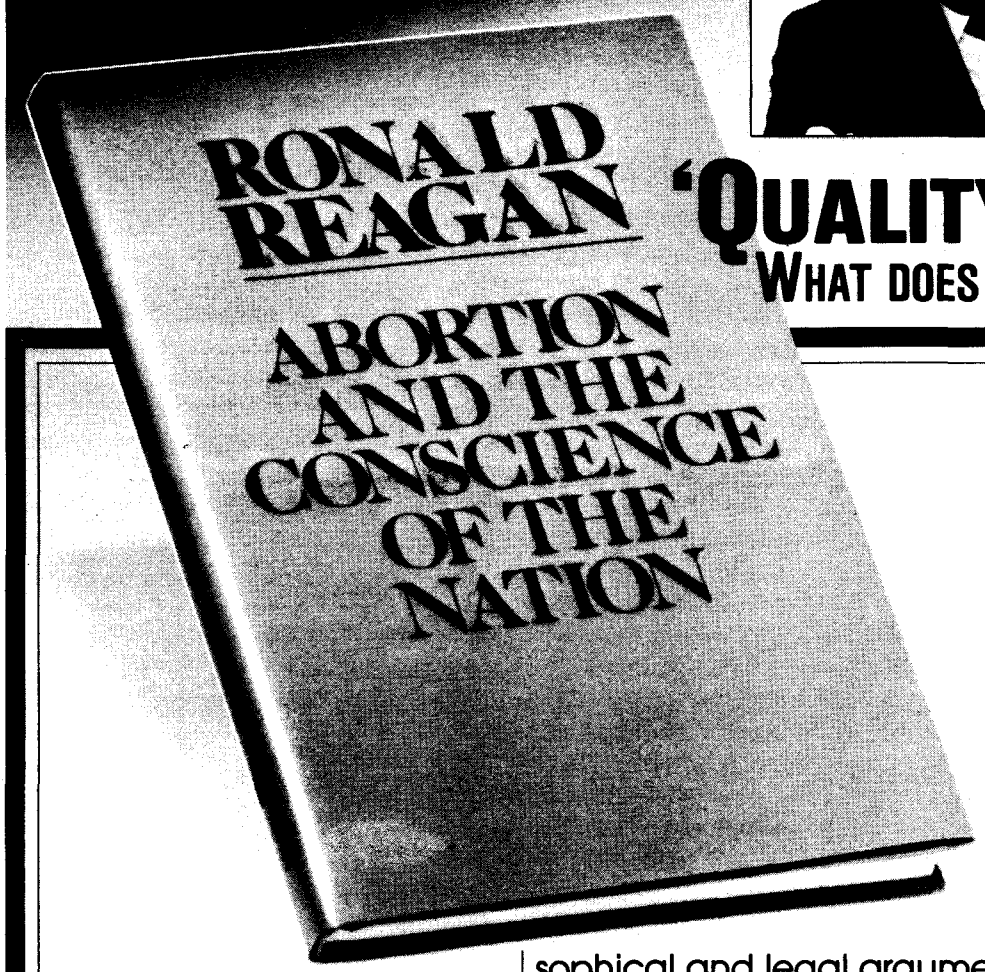

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opened the books. Old fears no longer frighten them. They are beginning to know that man's welfare throughout the world is interdependent. They are resolved, as we must be, that there is no more place for imperialism within their own society than in the society of nations.

Maybe any book, written in the hopes and fears of wartime, was bound to be stupid. Yet I once found, in a second-hand shop, a yellowing copy of Carl Becker's *How New Will the Better World Be?* (1944). It's not on the mark either, but at least it recognizes that those who have power aren't likely to give it up, and that the power of good intentions is finite. For Becker, these were probably truisms. Willkie, then as twenty years before, had "religious convictions" instead.

He died in 1944. His exertions four years earlier may have undermined his health. It was probably just as well. His peak of celebrity had passed, and he would have become a pest—the Eleanor Roosevelt of the GOP, if not the Henry Wallace. Like his isolationist opponents, he believed in America as the last, best hope of mankind. They deduced from this that we dare not mix with Europeans and other wogs. Willkie deduced that we must raise them to our level; indeed, that they wished it.

"If men ask where is his monument," said his eulogist, "let them but look at a world . . . one in a passionate dedication to freedom like that which consumed him." By that standard, he has no monument at all. A better tribute came from a regular at the Old Chesterfield Arms, a London pub where he had stood a round during the blitz. "He was a proper gent—very easy to mix with." That is both true, and kind. □

THE DISCOVERERS

Daniel J. Boorstin/Random House/$25.00

Antony Flew

Dr. Boorstin, Librarian of Congress, has produced another immense book, continuously instructive yet consistently fascinating. The promise of the dust jacket—for once perhaps written by a thorough reader—is fully fulfilled. *The Discoverers* is indeed "a mystery story played by a vast cast on an ever-changing stage." It really does tell "a tale of discoveries and beginnings," in which Boorstin "sees every discovery as an episode of biography."

The same commentator picks out two further general features of Boorstin's treatment, in addition to that emphasis upon the individual as opposed to the collective. The first is a concern always with "the obstacles that had to be overcome: the illusions held about the continents and the seas before Columbus and Balboa and Magellan; about the past before Petrarch and Winckelmann, Thomsen and Schliemann; about the human body before Paracelsus and Vesalius and Harvey . . . " The second is an eagerness to ask, and to try to answer, questions about why certain developments were so long delayed, or did not occur at all: "Why didn't the Chinese discover America? Why were people so slow to learn that the earth goes round the sun?"

Boorstin himself never offers any rationale for either his biographical emphases or his concern to ask why developments occurred where they did, not in other places. Maybe it is obvious to everyone that we cannot have an adequate understanding of any achievement without appreciating the obstacles overcome. Yet many people do fail to realize how much we need, in order to be sure that we have correctly identified the crucial factors in—say—the growth of modern science in Western Europe, to be able to examine other cases where some but not all of these supposedly crucial factors were present, yet without producing anything like the particular effect for which we have to account.

The scrupulous historian of modern science has, therefore, no choice but to make the most of the only partly parallel case we have. He has to ask, as Boorstin does, why it did not all happen, and sooner, in China. For in the thirteenth century Marco Polo had found China, in almost every direction, technically more advanced than his native Venice. Boorstin depends for his answers, as we all must, mainly on "the phenomenal Joseph Needham . . . who has achieved one of the great intellectual ambassadorial enterprises of modern times." Boorstin seems not to be aware, however, that for most of his working life Needham was, and perhaps still is, a committed Marxist-Leninist. This increases the significance of various judgments which are, as it were, forced out through clenched teeth.

Thus, in *The Grand Titration,* Needham admits that capitalist pluralism was essential to this historic Great Leap Forward. In *The Discoverers,* Part III of Book I, "Time," deals with "The Missionary Clock." Here the first chapter is "Open Sesame to China," the second "Mother of Machines," and the third "Why It Happened in the West." (These apt and suggestive headings are perfectly representative of the swinging yet scholarly style of the whole work.) Here, following Needham's "non-pareil *Science and Civilization in Ancient China,*" Boorstin explains "why the mother of machines proved so infertile there."

In Europe clocks were from the beginning genuinely public, and soon private and unofficial people began to possess their own. "One of the first, most remarkable of Chinese achievements," however, "was a well-organized, centralized government . . . with a vast hierarchy of bureaucrats." Control of the calendar, and hence of the calendar science of astronomy, was a vital matter of state: "This meant, of course, that Chinese astronomy became increasingly bureaucratic and esoteric." But "the technology of the clock was the technology of astrological indicators." So this also had to be "tightly controlled."

In Part XIV, "Opening the Past," Boorstin brings out that critical history too began in Europe, in Classical Greece; nor could it have developed in statist China. It was not enough to have had "the longest continuous past and the most copious written record." The fate of the man who might have become the Chinese Herodotus was decisively discouraging. Ssu-ma Ch'ien (145-87? B.C.) dared to defend an unsuccessful general against a false charge of cowardice. He was therefore condemned for "defaming the Emperor," who in the end graciously commuted the mandatory death sentence to castration. Under the T'ang dynasty, in the seventh century, "A History Office was established . . . and thereafter controlled all the accessible past. For millenia Chinese history was written by bureaucrats and for bureaucrats." Although the responsible bureau was not actually called Minitrue, it was directed to produce "Veritable Records," with, of course, and at the same time, "appropriate concealment."

The third general feature of Boorstin's always exciting treatment is that he "sees every discovery as an episode of biography." This, although the point is never in *The Discoverers* made explicit, is no mere matter of one personally preferred perspective among several others all equally valid. For, in seeing things this way, Boorstin is implicitly adopting what must surely be correct positions on manifestly factual albeit much disputed issues about the role of the individual in history. Are all historical developments determined by collective social forces, or do some particular individuals make significant and substantial differences? Does the occasion, or the movement, always find or produce the leaders who are needed? And so on.

Any Marxist, or indeed any adherent of any similarly ambitious philosophy of history, has to answer the first, two-part question with—respectively—a yes and a no. (For the most elegant of refutations of that two-part answer, see Sidney Hook's *The Hero in History.*) An affirmative response to the second question—such as was so confidently returned by G.V. Plekhanov, the doyen of pre-Leninist Russian Marxism—is perhaps less clearly required. Certainly, whenever that response is given, we have yet one more paradoxical example of atheist providentialism; an obtusely stubborn insistence, in defiance of every evidence to the contrary, that the Universe must in fact be as it might indeed have been were it the creation of a Marxist Deity. (The whole apocalyptic philosophy of history presented in the *Communist Manifesto* is in the same way paradoxically providential. For the promised and allegedly inevitable coming of the secular Kingdom of God on earth is not there, as it is in St. Augustine, solidly guaranteed as the inexorable will of a Being who cannot be frustrated.)

So what is the present particular relevance of all this? It is that, whereas both the Marxist and the para-Marxist have to pretend that every major discovery was bound to be made in (roughly) the place and at (roughly) the time where and when it actually was made, Boorstin, seeing every such discovery as "an episode of biography," is free to recognize that there is no such universal guaranteeing necessity.

Certainly there have been particular discoveries, even major discoveries, about which such a claim can be plausibly made. This applies most obviously to those which have in fact

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given rise to priority disputes. (Boorstin gives due attention both to the growth of the scientific community and to the growth within that community of competition to achieve and to demonstrate priorities.) There are, nevertheless, many other cases where we can find no reason to believe that there was anyone other than the actual first discoverer working on the lines which he thus showed to be fruitful. Take, for example, the cases of Copernicus and of Columbus, cases to both of which—quite rightly—Boorstin gives special attention.

Both men were in fact working on lines opposite to what was suggested by the best evidence available to them: "The more we become at home in the Age of Copernicus, the more we can see that those who would remain unpersuaded by Copernicus were simply being sensible." The theoretical scheme which he proposed, "for all its aesthetic appeal," fitted the then "observed facts no better" than did the established, Ptolemaic alternative. "Nor could he predict the position of the planets with anything like the demonstrated accuracy of the older system."

The case of Columbus is even clearer: He was fortunate in that there were in Western Europe several possible backers to whom he could, and did, make successive applications, until at last he found someone whom he could persuade to finance his expedition. Remember that his darling project was to discover: not the American continent—no one had ever thought there might be an undiscovered continent there—but instead a Western sea route first to Japan ("his Isle Cypango") and then from there on to China. Nor was Columbus peculiar in believing that the earth is spherical: Aristotle himself had argued for this conclusion, which was generally accepted by the educated European contemporaries of Columbus. What was in dispute was whether the range of any ships yet built was sufficient to make the proposed voyage.

When in 1484 Columbus put his plans for "The Enterprise of the Indies" before the most likely supporter, King John II of Portugal, he referred them to an expert committee. Reluctantly, on the advice of these sober and in fact most excellently qualified experts, the King turned Columbus down: " . . . the committee seems to have been troubled by Columbus' gross underestimate of the sailing distance westward to Asia. And, in the end, their misgivings proved better founded than were Columbus' hopes."

Finally—that readers may have confidence in their reviewer—two rather petty corrections. First, while 'Ptolemy' was the name of "the indisputable father of modern geography . . . and incidentally that of one of Alexander the Great's closest companions," it is wrong to add that "Another Ptolemy . . . founded the Ptolemaic dynasty, which ruled Egypt for three centuries . . . " King Ptolemy I was the same person as the Son of Larus, one of the Companions.

Second, Boorstin reproaches my ancestors for failing to accept, after Wolfe's 1760 conquests, Franklin's advice "that Canada would be incomparably more valuable in the long run" than "the tiny sugar-rich islands of Guadaloupe." Boorstin forgets that it was the French, not the British, who, under the subsequent Treaty of Paris, ceded Quebec in order to retain Guadaloupe; and Voltaire who congratulated his compatriots on getting the best of the bargain.

But these are petty faults in a splendid book, a book whose only substantial fault is its failure to make the moral explicit. That moral—and it cannot be reiterated too often—is that anyone wanting to achieve or maintain high rates of discovery must become a friend both of economic pluralism and of the open society. □

CAPITALIST PIG

Businessmen are crooks! This expression has been used to describe men who have grown wealthy through their business dealings. The reasoning goes that, "since businessmen are only interested in making a profit," they are greedy money grubbers who exploit the poor and the helpless.

Let's examine this accusation by considering the success of one such capitalist pig, Henry Ford.

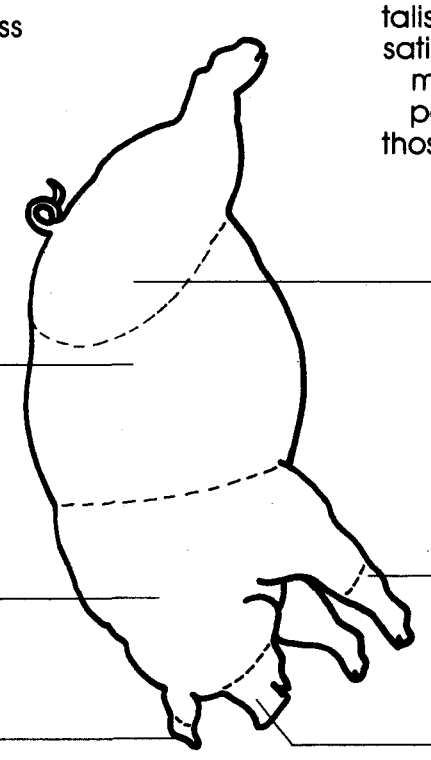
Henry Ford's genius and determination made him a very wealthy man. But before he made his first penny, Ford went deeply into debt to finance an extremely risky venture. And in order to make a profit, he first had to provide a product that the buying public wanted and could afford. Ford's wealth, then, should be viewed as a measure of how well he satisfied the needs of others.

Of course, Ford's success enabled him, in turn, to offer high-paying jobs to thousands of people, many of whom were previously poorly paid or even unemployed.

Furthermore, it wasn't just Ford's own employees who benefited from his "better idea." Countless jobs were created as other companies grew to supply the auto industry. Ford ordered steel from Pittsburgh, rubber from Akron, and the demand for petroleum skyrocketed.

The promise of employment and the chance to get ahead drew people like a magnet from around the globe. Bigger paychecks in the hands of more consumers bought homes, clothing, and groceries on an unprecedented scale. And schools, museums, libraries, symphonies, and athletic teams flourished.

All this happened not so much because Henry Ford (and others like him) loved humanity, but because he wanted to make a profit. In order to do so, the discipline of Capitalism dictated that he first satisfy the needs of others, much as religion has imposed similar rules upon those who hope to "profit" in the hereafter.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For further information regarding the availability of a full series of these short, informative essays, contact Mr. G. Scot Hasted, Room D, Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, MI 49242.

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CULTURE AND POLITICS
Ronald Berman/University Press of America/$10.95

John R. Turner

Culture and Politics, despite its sweeping title, consists solely of an account of the National Endowment for the Humanities from 1972 until 1976 when author Ronald Berman was its chairman. Yet the treatise to some extent justifies its name, for the debate over the distribution of funds from a federal agency charged with supporting the humanistic disciplines goes to the heart of the relationship between government and the verbal arts.

Mr. Berman, who describes himself as "a conservative reasonably equipped with morals and ideas," spends only a few pages on the question of whether the public should be taxed to support activities it cannot define. He could have done better to explore the issue more fully. His tepid defense of the practice, which amounts to little more than the excuse that since the bureaucracy is in place anyway it might as well be run sensibly, serves basically to confuse the more principled arguments he makes when he gets around to discussing theoretical aspects of his topic.

The book is composed of two disparate discourses: one an explanation of how the federal government actually works, and the other a philosophic essay on the nature of the humanities and on Berman's attempts to translate that nature into policy at the NEH. The first of these I found to be more interesting and valuable than the second.

The political tale shakes down mainly to the story of the struggle between the author and Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island. Though Berman tries mightily to paint the senator's opposition as inexplicably irrational, it doesn't take much reading between the lines to see that Pell considered the NEH chairman to be an intellectual snob. What the senator wanted from the agency was not high culture but rather a sprinkling of small grants to ordinary citizens. The most memorable motif of the book is Berman's wry commentary upon Pell's suggestion that money be given to lumberjacks and shoemakers so they could pursue their humanistic interests after a hard day in the forest or shop.

To Berman that would have been piddling the Endowment's funds away to no effect. As he says, "As far as I could see it was preferable to consider the general public as an audience rather than as a collection of potential grantees." Instead he pushed for projects of large public impact, such as the exhibition of the Unicorn Tapestries at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the filming of "The Adams Family Chronicle," which proved to be immensely popular when shown on television in January 1976.

These efforts won wide public acclaim, but they did not mollify Senator Pell. When time came for Berman's reappointment, the lawmaker mounted a campaign to block the nomination, and though he lost some skirmishes to Berman's supporters, he was finally victorious, holding off hearings until after the presidential elections when Jimmy Carter's success spelled Berman's downfall.

Berman recounts the struggle over the renomination in a bemused and witty tone, but it is obvious that the senator's behavior still rankles him. He sees Pell as a dishonorable man, and with good reason if it is true that the senator did all the things Berman attributes to him. Something about Berman put Pell into a snit, and he used the large prerogatives of his office unfairly to squash a noncompliant bureaucrat.

Pell's actions were regrettable, but they point to a lesson Berman seems only partially to have learned: to wit, in Washington being right will get you nowhere. And that, in turn, indicates the most serious drawback to seeking government support for the humanities. It is the purpose of the humanities to cherish the best that humans have thought and done whereas it is the purpose of government, commonly, to reward politicians, and, at best, to cater to mankind's middling aspirations.

Berman seems to recognize the dangers of a mass culture fueled by government money, and, in fact, to be fundamentally pessimistic about it. At one point he remarks, "I believe actually that . . . in the near future the nation will in a rudimentary way be literate with computers and in a curtailed language of general expressiveness, and pretty much unfamiliar with either the books or the art that are usually thought to be basic to our character and values."

Given Berman's assumptions, it was perhaps inevitable that he would view his tenure at the NEH as something of a rear guard action. His assertion that "the essence of the humanities is not charity: it is style," reveals a mind-set unlikely to fit easily with the coarse wheeling and dealing of American politics.

In the end, however, Berman's frustrations arose less from the crudity of the political system than from the presuppositions of the American people. As he skillfully attests in his final chapter, the general populace has been won by the notion that education and culture promote goodness. And Berman knows that whatever validity the proposition might have in an assessment taking all human endeavor into account, it is worthless as a prescription for the mundane ills of the citizenry.

What bedeviled Berman during his term at the NEH and eventually left him with sour memories was the age-old struggle between aristocratic and popular taste. The problem was not that he couldn't find an audience for high-quality productions. The response to the Unicorn Tapestries showed that he could. No, his main difficulty was

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an inability to hold off demands for pursuits he deemed unsuitable. There were so many requests to fund discussions on topics like "the government and the family" or "the crisis of divorce," he couldn't always keep his scorn prudently hidden.

I wish Mr. Berman had been more forthright in analyzing the shortcomings of popular impulse. That would have allowed him to offer a sharper definition of the humanities, and to contrast more definitely the rewards of humanistic attainment with the aims of government. Yet, as it stands, *Culture and Politics* provides an unmistakable, if unintended, sermon to the effect that when government attempts to enhance endeavors that rise only out of individual freedom, the results are mixed at best, and probably cost more than we should be willing to pay. □

KATHY BOUDIN AND THE DANCE OF DEATH

Ellen Frankfort/Stein and Day/$14.95

Eugene H. Methvin

On October 20, 1981, in Nyack, N.Y., twenty miles up the Hudson River from Manhattan, a gang of about a dozen black and white "revolutionaries" robbed a Brink's armored truck of $1.6 million. They killed a guard and wounded two others. They escaped in two cars and a rented U-Haul van, but four miles away encountered a roadblock. They killed two policemen and in the confusion escaped again. The only "freedom fighter" captured at the scene turned out to be Kathy Boudin, one of the 1969 founders of the terrorist "Weather Underground" spinoff of the Students for a Democratic Society, and a magna cum laude alumna of Bryn Mawr and the FBI's "Most Wanted" list.

In Ellen Frankfort, Boudin has a worthy chronicler. A swashbuckling, bonafide feminatic who now lives in a "country compound" or feminist commune near Sag Harbor, N.Y., Frankfort was one of the founders of the *Feminist Review,* along with Kathy Boudin's poet-pacifist mother, and one of her previous books was *Vaginal Politics.* She was a friend of Boudin's family, her father a prominent radical lawyer, moving in the same Greenwich Village leftist set. "For years my social and professional life overlapped that of the Boudins. I knew some of the more intimate aspects of their lives," she tells us.

Frankfort is obsessed with her own feminism, lapsing into animadversions on male chauvinism and female docility, and celebrations of feminist rebellion. At one point, she recalls that the sixties produced a mythic figure, "The Earth Mother," celebrated with birthings at home in the commune among children, pets, and many bearded men who would mark the occasion with a "placenta stew that was eaten in tribal fashion after it was separated from the newborn child and mixed with a little wine." What such delectable detail has to do with the Nyack terrorist gang or Boudin is beyond me, but one other culinary note is relevant, even if not a Frankfort original. She recounts that in the 1969-70 period when the Weather Undergrounders were leaving the old splintered SDS, the new young middle-class "revolutionaries" were so eager to stamp out their "bourgeois inhibitions" one underground cell even killed and cooked and ate an alley cat. This vivid bit of reporting is lifted from Thomas Powers's 1971 opus, *Diana: The Making of a Terrorist,* source for most of Frankfort's factual detail on the early days.

Of her 165 text pages, Frankfort expends 127 describing the robbery and ensuing trials and ramifications. Very little here could not be gleaned from newspaper clip files. Thirteen of these pages comprise a verbatim reprinting of Boudin's affidavit describing and protesting conditions in the Rockland County hoosegow. It seems Nyack jailers were inclined to wreak some punishment of their own upon terrorists who had killed two of their town's 22 policemen, including the only black on the force, a highly popular veteran officer. The fiendish guards would, for example, bang on her cell door in the middle of the night, then laugh about their devilishness. A federal judge told the jailers to knock it off, and Boudin was transferred to state custody.

The one nice piece of original reporting is Frankfort's sensitive narration of the story of Mary La Porta, common-law wife of Chipper Brown, the murdered black cop. Through her, Frankfort generates real rage and condemnation for the crime of Boudin and her comrades, and against Boudin personally for her role in disarming the cops at the roadblock by playing innocent young lady frightened at the sight of guns—while the terrorists in her truck prepared to storm out, automatics blazing.

Frankfort reserves her final 21 pages to consider "What Went Wrong?" And would you believe that, in her opinion, Kathy Boudin was rebelling against male dominance in her own truly idealistic, honest-to-Marx leftist household?

The press usually describes Kathy's father as a "renowned civil liberties lawyer." But Frankfort sees in his prominence the seeds of the daughter's "rebellion." She scorns his cushy Greenwich village life-style:

> Town houses, summer homes, seeing two kids through private school, Ivy League college and graduate school, frequent travels abroad, and tailored suits from Saville Row—these are the hallmarks of a certain class of Northeast Intellectual Leftists.
>
> What is one to do with this contradiction: One's father is known throughout Leftist circles for his high ideals as well as his charm and wit. Yet when it comes to women, his behavior is no different than that of any man regardless of his politics.

Thus, says Frankfort, Kathy was caught in a double bind, "the gap between the father's personal behavior and his idealistic politics."

Seems to me that Frankfort is letting old man Boudin off easy. Let me mention a *Washington Post* news clip she has either missed or omitted. Leonard Boudin, it appears, was no idealistic civil libertarian, but an old-time Stalinist, hired later by the Castro government. According to information

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Eugene H. Methvin is senior editor of Reader's Digest.

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the Justice Department released during the 1980 trial of two top FBI executives charged with bugging and burglarizing relatives and friends of Weather Underground fugitives, the FBI in a 1956 briefing to President Eisenhower and the National Security Council identified Boudin as a secret Communist party member. He had been general counsel for the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, an identified Communist front, since its founding in 1951, and was a foremost strategist in the legal attack against the nation's internal security laws and counterintelligence apparatus. Lenin always enjoined Communists to use all "forms of struggle," both legal and illegal, including terrorism so long as it is part of a planned, coordinated strategy of overt and clandestine assault. That Kathy learned her Lenin well and identified with her father's devotion to the revolutionary cause never occurs to Frankfort. For all we know, Kathy may have been trying to win Daddy's approval.

Also missing from Frankfort's account is Kathy Boudin's fellow gangster Judy Clark, who was also arrested fleeing the roadblock shootout after her car crashed in a high-speed chase. Clark has already been convicted and sentenced to 75 years. Also a Weather Underground fugitive, Clark made the mistake of attending a movie in 1970 near FBI headquarters in Manhattan, encountered the G-man in charge of her case, and served a nine-month prison stretch. Then she joined the terrorists' "aboveground" support apparatus and became chief plaintiff in a $100 million suit filed in 1978 against the FBI and former President Nixon for the burglaries and wiretaps designed to catch the people who had bombed the Capitol, Pentagon, and State Department. Was Clark rebelling against her father? That worthy was Moscow correspondent for the *Daily Worker* who in 1957 broke with the CPUSA after the bloody suppression of the Hungarian uprising—now there's a reason to hate your father.

While Ellen Frankfort's feminist perspective proves sterile, a kindred feminist reporter provides interesting though unintended insight. Jane Lazarre, like Boudin and Clark, is a former "red diaper baby" who grew up in Greenwich Village. Her parents were Communist party members; her father fought in the Spanish Civil War with the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, and was imprisoned in Philadelphia "for political reasons." Mutual friends arranged for Lazarre to interview Boudin in jail; after five months of visits and correspondence, Lazarre published an 8500-word essay in the *Village Voice* in February on the eve of the Boudin trial, which is expected to last six months.

Most of Lazarre's essay is standard sob-sister, feminist empathizing and leftist angst. But, recounting twenty hours of conversations, Lazarre opens a window or two on Boudin's mental processes. We see a classic "true believer" in the simple, seductive old Marxian fairy tale of the hero struggling through the long ordeal, "creating a more just and humane society," as Boudin dreamed it, with a typical pinch of messianic martyrdom: "I thought I would rather be a defendant than a defender-lawyer." (Take *that,* Pops!)

We also see the self-aggrandizing notion that the fulltime activists, the revolutionaries, are the engineers of utopia, generalissimos of revolution, building a movement, charting grand strategy for the global struggle. Boudin regards "third world people in the U.S." as "the plow which has opened up the possibility of change for the whole country," a bit of manipulative smugness right out of Chernyshevsky.

Finally, we see the Great Marxist-Leninist Contradiction: Can you really build a better world by murder, torture, riot, and terror? Boudin, according to Lazarre, has deep regrets over the deaths of the policemen and guard killed in the Nyack robbery, and the fellow terrorist killed two days later by pursuing cops in Queens. Muses Boudin, "It was, after all, my concern about the preciousness of life that brought me into politics in the first place." Seventy-five years may be what she'll need to sort it all out. □

SPECTATOR'S JOURNAL

HOLLYWOOD'S MR. ANTINUKE: A CONVERSATION

by Marjorie Lewellyn Marks

MALIBU, CA.—Right down the road from the Elysium Institute in nearby Topanga Canyon, where oblivion already exists for the nudists encamped there, lives a man engaged in a unique occupation.

He is Norman Fleishman, a loquacious, intense, 52-year-old native Californian, who wants to make sure that Americans don't forget what he considers to be the single greatest issue of our time: the risk of nuclear war. And he wants to accomplish his goal by using the single greatest mass communication medium that has ever existed: television.

Fleishman, it says at the end of his monthly *Emmy* magazine columns, is "director of Microsecond, a non-profit educational organization that serves as a resource on [sic] conflict resolution for the entertainment industry."

Just what does that mean?

Pursuing the question, I drove out fog-shrouded Pacific Coast Highway toward Malibu at dawn one recent Saturday morning to interview Norman Fleishman, an early riser, at home. With time to spare before our 7:30 a.m. encounter, I stopped at a local seaside landmark of the Topanga people for a cup of coffee and a taste of the local flavor.

The ambiance of the place, spelled out by the framed prose hanging on the wall, may or may not be indicative of the caliber of the existing local talent, but is probably a clue to the collective local yearning. Flanked by aging, cliché'd photos of California surfers, captured at their brief crests, one aphorism reads:

> There's a place on this Earth that I found to bring peace; It's just down the road and around the bend . . . The people there are a friendly sort with plenty of giving and Dreams to share . . . Don't need much else, for they have each other; One needs no more; We all search for love, peace, and giving . . . These people have found this; Just in Living.

Just living, in a world that he believes is on the brink of nuclear holocaust, is one thing Norman Fleishman is unwilling to do.

Immediately adjacent to Topanga Canyon's renegade communal atmosphere is a wealthy cliff community overlooking the Pacific where the Fleishmans reside rent-free in actor John Houseman's sprawling, somewhat unkempt house whose living room is dominated by an enormous empty sunken swimming pool.

Norman Fleishman's wife, Diane, matter-of-factly mentions that the house, along with several others in the neighborhood, is in the process of sliding, along with the hill itself, toward the ocean. That very morning, in fact, arrangements were being made for the neighbors to get together their shovels to shore up what they could. Diane Fleishman regards the whole disastrous, uncertain phenomenon of wondering where you'll be every morning when you wake up as a "lot like life itself."

Norman Fleishman, however, believes there are some things he can change and he has set out to do so. He has become a self-styled "gentle lobbyist" for the entertainment industry which, he says, with some awe, "reaches 80 or 100 million people every night."

According to the *Chicago Tribune,* "Over the years, Fleishman has received financial support from 9 or 10 liberal organizations, such as the Stewart Mott Foundation. He, his wife and their four children live on the $30,000 salary he takes out of these grants." Last year's budget of Microsecond (the name derives from the amount of time it takes for a thermonuclear bomb to vaporize a city) was $53,214. Such figures are suspiciously modest, and rightly so, for the essence of Fleishman's lobbying consists of the occasional get-togethers he arranges, usually at somebody else's home, and attended by a hodgepodge of television writers, producers, actors, and featuring an eminent guest speaker from the academic or scientific world. The idea is that when the creative types are exposed to the academic or scientific types the metamorphic result will show up in the nation's favorite television shows. Given Fleishman's skill in attracting luminaries to these meetings, it just may be an idea that is working.

At a recent "social seminar" highlighted by Carl Sagan's appearance as guest speaker, "we had about 90 people squeezed into the very small home of actress Blythe Danner

Marjorie Lewellyn Marks is a media analyst and free-lance writer who lives in Los Angeles.

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and producer Bruce Paltrow ["St. Elsewhere"]. . . . As a kind of young successful couple who know a lot of people, they could get a great crowd. The guy who wrote *WarGames* was there. Fay Kanin, former President of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, introduced Sagan who then spent about two hours detailing the effects of the 'nuclear winter' that would occur in the aftermath of a nuclear attack. Near the end of his talk he said, 'It may be that we will all die of testosterone poisoning,' which means too much macho. He spoke of our need to 'outgrow technological adolescence.' Sagan understood the power of entertainment to deal with that subject. I mean I was thrilled that I could make that contribution of bringing him in to be with them, to answer their questions.

"And no, I didn't raise transportation or give him any fee or anything. He just understood that this was an important thing that I was doing and it took me two years to get him to do that. He hadn't heard of Blythe Danner or Bruce Paltrow . . . but he came in there and he was up to the occasion and he respected them. In the introduction Fay recalled that she had introduced Margaret Mead at one of my meetings several years before. Margaret Mead did the same thing. She understood; she said to these entertainers: 'You're the most powerful people in the world.' She was just great. And she said to them that the most exciting moment in her life was when she saw that first picture of the earth, the United States, the little blue ball, and she said she'd never forget that . . . she said, 'If you could just hold that little blue ball in the back of your head when you do your writing and come from the well-being of humanity, you will change the world.' She really understood how important these entertainers were."

Another meeting that Fleishman recalls fondly was with Roger Fisher, the Harvard negotiations expert and author of a book called *Getting to Yes.* One-hundred-and-fifty people attended that meeting, including Stuart Stern, who wrote *Rebel Without a Cause* and *The Ugly American,* as well as a number of other screenplays.

Once, California congressman Alan Sieroty was the guest speaker, and as Fleishman recalls it: "He looked out there at the audience of entertainers and said, 'Norman is doing the kind of education that makes my job easier by educating the people through entertainment, getting them aware of the issues, getting them to think . . . "

Other speakers have included Alan Alda, Robert Scheer, the investigative reporter and author of *With Enough Shovels;* Dr. Jerry Jampolsky, psychiatrist and specialist in attitudes of children toward death and dying; Prof. Kosta Tsipis, M.I.T. physicist and expert on the physics of nuclear weapons; Admiral (Ret.) Gene La Rocque; Betty Bumpers, wife of the Arkansas senator and creator of "Peace Links," a grass-roots women's group; Arthur Macy Cox, author and foreign policy expert; Col. (Ret.) David Hackworth, the most decorated U.S. soldier, now nuclear arms race opponent; Dr. Gordon Adams, military budget and weapons system analyst; Dr. Marvin Goldberger, physicist and president of Cal Tech; Tom Saffer, atomic veteran and author of *Countdown Zero.* Among the hosts have been producers Tony Bill (*The Sting*), Allan Burns ("Mary Tyler Moore," "Lou Grant"), Joanna Lee (writer/producer of many TV movies), and MGM-TV president Tom Tannenbaum.

Television as an "educational" force struck Fleishman several years ago when he was director of Planned Parenthood in Houston where, he says, "I started the first vasectomy clinic in the country." He wrote a book on the subject

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and as a result met Norman Lear, and later persuaded him to do a show about it. "We did a show on 'All in the Family' where Michael got a vasectomy right on the show and I couldn't believe it. It was hilarious and loving and wonderful and, my goodness, it just dealt with it. And it was done with comedy. You know, Gloria had forgotten to take her birth control pill and he got mad and she turned around and got mad at him. 'What about you, what about your responsibility?' she said. It was just beautiful, it was just wonderful and it got people thinking about that subject. That's what television can do. It cannot solve problems. It can get people to think. But where else do we get people to think? People don't think, people go on in their ruts and they're afraid . . . "

"It was phenomenal," Fleishman told another interviewer recently. "When I saw it, all I could think of was all those nights I had driven miles to talk to maybe 40 Kiwanians about overpopulation. Here we were reaching millions. It blew my mind," he said.

"We have something that for a million years we never had. We have a way to reach the whole human race and until a few years ago the only people we could reach were people within yelling distance . . . " Enthusiastically he continues, "There were 350 million people at the same instant watching the academy awards on TV and they heard the fellow who wrote *Gandhi* say we've got to find a way to end violence and solve problems in the nuclear race.

"How do you get across to people this whole question of the power of resolving conflicts, the enthusiasm to resolve conflicts, the kind of heroism that's based on saving humanity rather than the old kind of heroism of destroying it . . . there's too much macho. That's it. In a sentence. Too much macho. Too much do what I say or I'll kill you. Too much total inflexibility and reliance on force rather than being smart and empathic and understanding of the other person . . . finding something entertaining and brilliant to move people along with," he says.

He cites examples of what he means: "Did you see *Terms of Endearment*? Great movie. I came out of that movie and I thought, 'Gee, that's gonna reduce the nuclear threat a little bit,' which is kind of silly in a way but . . . a great work of art can make you cry and think and re-evaluate your life . . . " he says.

"There are a thousand ways to do that," he adds. "You can do it with facing up to emotions. Shows that deal with 'what is courage, what is toughness,' are dealing with conflict resolution." Courage, he notes, "is admitting you have fear—let's admit we're afraid of the Soviet Union, for instance . . . War used to be courage. You'd go directly against your opponent, you'd challenge on your horse or even in the field with your rifle against somebody else's. But the idea of our son getting drafted and pressing a button and setting cities on fire and having people looking for morphine at the end of the world—your search for water and morphine—what courage is there in that?

"We've had a million wars based on that old kind of masculinity and approach to things, which is you kill your opponent, you beat them . . . and we've been nurtured on 80 years of movies and television where it's the John Wayne mentality or Starsky and Hutch or you name it. How many movies have you seen where you gradually build up anger at the bad guy until it's okay to just absolutely massacre, push him off a building, send him through a glass window, impale him on something . . . We've all been nurtured and grown up on that way of solving problems. It won't work anymore," he concludes.

Fleishman is emphatic about the point of his work: "My job is not to put messages into entertainment, it's not to insinuate certain political points of view or certain positions—because it kills the show, it ruins the show," he says. "If you deal with something in artistic, universal terms, something brilliant, it will make you think. It won't persuade you. It will simply raise your awareness about an issue," he adds.

His next efforts in this regard include meetings on "children's reactions to the nuclear threat and what is courage," to be hosted by Alex Karras and Susan Clark of TV's "Webster"; and another meeting hosted by actress Susan Sarandon, also on the subject of the nuclear threat.

Getting the networks to go for shows that embody Fleishman's points-of-view is by no means a cinch. "The networks have to get a sense of when people are ready. 'The Day After' could not have been done three years ago," he concedes.

"Nevertheless," he says, "there's a lot of interest" in the new heroism. "It's happening," he says. "There are lots of good things on television now. There's lots of movies-of-the-week that have dealt with this issue. And I'll tell you something else; there are a lot of women producers now in television where there weren't any eight years ago."

For any who wonder how balanced his influence is, Fleishman retorts: "I only have one point and that is that the world will not benefit from nuclear war." His wife, Diane, injects, "The point is that the other side was being presented out of proportion already . . . with police shows and so on . . . I mean it's been very well documented—including by the Presidential Commission—that women were considered second-class citizens on television . . . These insidious attitudes were being very well represented on television and that's what we were bringing our children up on . . . we wanted to present the other side."

Norman Fleishman asks, "What's the conservative point of view on the risk of nuclear war? What's the 'other' point of view? What's the good side of nuclear war? Okay, is it that the Russians are terrible, is it that we need a strong defense? What beyond that? That's not really a point of view—that's just an item . . .

"Now, if the conservative point-of-view is that the Russians are irredeemably evil, which is sort of what Reagan said in that one speech and it hasn't changed, then there's no answer but to destroy them. And what Sagan said in our meeting is that if we destroy them, even in the first strike, that the amount of debris that will go into the air from just a first strike, if we destroy the irredeemably evil Russians there's enough debris to bring on a nuclear winter that will send the earth below freezing for three or four months and kill everything on earth. We will not escape that. Maybe a few cockroaches will survive; whether they'll become Communistic or capitalistic we don't know at this point." □

CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 32)

intent of Congress. In *Grove City College* v. *Bell,* a *cause célèbre* for feminists, liberals, and the *New York Times,* the Supreme Court adopted the Department's position that Title IX obligates only the specific program or activity in which federal funding is received, not the entire institution.

William French Smith surely deserves to be judged according to what he has done while serving as Attorney General. I have been in this town long enough to see that the administration does not always inform and cultivate conservative writers to the degree it should. Yet since Smith took office the Justice Department's conservative policies and successes in such areas as crime, antitrust, and civil rights have hardly been hidden under any rocks. Indeed, they have loomed large enough for the Department—and Smith—to attract repeated attacks from the liberal establishment—for example, see, almost every other day, the editorial page of the *New York Times.* There is no happiness in that "Hive."

As our opponents continue to hammer away at us, it would help if conservatives would take the time to look up from their typewriters and see what the Department has done under Smith, and then join the battle of ideas where it counts.

—Terry Eastland
Special Assistant to the
Attorney General
Washington, D.C.

Tom Bethell replies:

I would like to believe that everything is wonderful at Justice, but I still have reservations. On antitrust, William French Smith should have communicated his admirable sentiments to the relevant assistant attorney general, J. Paul McGrath, whose initial ban of the LTV-Republic Steel merger discouraged another such merger, between U.S. Steel and National. This is likely to increase the pressure for protectionism, against which the Reagan Administration has shown itself to be a frail reed.

The Justice Department's jurisdiction in the criminal area is slight, as it is in the appointment of federal judges. But if Mr. Smith can amend the Exclusionary Rule, so that society at large is no longer punished for the failure of the police to observe correct procedural etiquette, then I for one will cheer him.

Eastland accepts the premise that "remedies" are needed for what he calls "segregation" and "discrimination" in the realm of "civil rights." He seems not to realize that the meaning of "civil rights" has been changed from specified limitations of government power to a rationale for expanding such power, and his acceptance of the need for such "remedies" tacitly legitimizes this change of meaning. A civil right is now a government right to treat Americans as defendants—guilty (e.g. of "discrimination") until we prove ourselves innocent by signing compliance documents which subject us to further regulation and scrutiny.

Eastland allows the Justice Department to take credit for the Supreme Court decision in the Grove City and Hillsdale College case. He might instead have wondered why the Reagan Justice Department continued to hound these innocent establishments, against which there has not even been a claim of discrimination. (In fairness to Mr. Smith, I gather that he withdrew himself from the decision to continue prosecuting this case because of his connection with the University

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of California. This decision was apparently made by Mr. Smith's deputy, Ed Schmults, and by Ed Meese.)

Feminist and liberal disappointment cannot disguise the fact that the verdict in the Hillsdale/Grove City case was a victory for those seeking expanded federal control over our lives. There has been no demonstration, or even allegation, that these colleges had discriminated in the administration of federal aid to students. But they were presumed guilty because they had refused to sign forms assuring that they were not so discriminating. The Supreme Court decision upheld the presumption of guilt, even if it did limit its ruling to the specific program at issue. It seems to me to typify the Republican-in-Washington attitude to be pleasantly surprised at losing less than one might.

Finally, I notice that Eastland says nothing about my original complaint that Mr. Smith has done little or nothing with his Schedule A hiring capacity (this refers to experts, not subject to Civil Service regulations). Why not round up the Schedule A lawyers hired by Jimmy Carter, show them the door, and replace them with Republicans? I know there would be a squawk from the *Washington Post.* But why not try it anyway? Or are Republicans too timid to consider such a thing? □

THE CONTINUING CRISIS

(continued from page 6)

that Wang Laboratories Inc. is suing WASH-FM for $10 million because the station used the computer company's name "in a degrading manner," broadcasting a bogus commercial for the company that identified "the word 'Wang' with the male sexual organ."

•In faraway Antelope, Oregon the city council has renamed its dump the Adolph Hitler Landfill and Recycling Station and its fire station the Jesus Fire Hall, in an effort to recognize people who have had "a profound impact on mankind." In New York City Mr. John Neumann, a "brilliant" Harvard undergraduate who had discovered "inner beauty and peace" through the spiritual manuals of a California cult, apparently could stand it no longer and leaped from the Manhattan Criminal Courts building to his death, despite having been an avid jogger. That Silver Springs, Maryland restaurant ordered by the local tyrants of the Montgomery County Human Relations Commission to end its diabolical "Ladies Night" is offering discounts to patrons of either sex who arrive properly attired on "Skirt and Gown Night." Dr. Harry W. Ryder, the noted physician and authority on the physiology of running, died of the usual heart attack at 70, and in Rome Mr. Luigi Barzini died at 75.

•On the celebrity front, Miss Alessandra Mussolini, granddaughter of the man himself, changed roles when opponents of her famous ancestor rebelled at her portrayal of a victim of his regime in the movie *The Assisi Underground.* Mr. Jerry Lee Lewis suffered uncontrollable vibrations and was rushed once again to a Memphis hospital. And two Czechoslovakians have come down with Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome.

•Finally late in the month word came from Moscow that the first Indian in space, Mr. Rakesh Shama, will perform yoga while strapped to scientific instruments that measure weightlessness. He will be on an eight-day mission with two Soviet cosmonauts, both, doubtless, heavily armed. —*RET*

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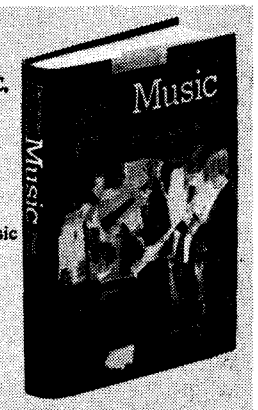

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CURRENT WISDOM

The New York Times

In an interview with James Reston, Dr. Mario Cuomo, governor of the great state of New York, shows that the thought of Jesse Jackson can be contagious:

I think Reagan has a tremendous, maybe unique, capacity to communicate. I've read and heard John Kennedy, but I don't think he's in a class with Reagan. Kennedy was able to inspire. But this guy [Reagan] is so nonmenacing, so genial and affable, he can sell almost anything. He could have sold the middle class and the emerging rich on the proposition: "Look, as a matter of common sense, we have to take care of these people. We can't leave them out in the street. We have to do something for jobless people. For OUR sake. Because our kids are going to live in a society that's ready for a revolution." What I resent is that he's not used properly his great gift. . . .

Reagan has great vulnerability. The constituencies like women, blacks, labor unions, the poor, the Hispanics: Fritz, they're yours. All you have to do is shut up and you'll have them. Just don't blow it. You also have to get a piece of those people who are doing pretty well and want to forget where they came from. You have to reach into them and make them understand we have to live in one world. Not because it's morally right, but because otherwise they're going to be in deep trouble. Someday, their daughter is going to get raped by this social disorientation. . . .

[Jesse Jackson] has more ability by instinct than most of us get by education. It's incredible the images he can summon up. He's spent a lifetime taking complex truths and reducing them to simple, exciting language. He's cunning.

Jesse wants to be the king. He wants adulation. Having talked to him and watched him, it is both personal and a matter of his race. He wants to get up on that altar and have the rest of society genuflect just once to the blacks.

Jesse's been a force for good. He's brought a verve to the race. The only excitement in the race before was Hollings. . . .

You said we're not happy, and I agree. I'd hesitate about saying there's a guilty conscience. They know we don't feel as noble as we should. They know we're not doing everything where we should. I'm not sure the consciences are bothering enough Americans. They're vaguely unhappy, but their own self-interests are stronger than their consciences.

Reagan is going to allow people to vote against their own consciences. In their vote, they're saying, we know we have all those poor people, but we're going to take care of ourselves. And Reagan will take care of us.

[February 9, 1984]

Vanity Fair

Another inscrutable communiqué from Susan Sontag, Inc.:

"I, who would be nothing without the Russian nineteenth century . . . ," Camus declared, in 1958, in a letter of homage to Pasternak—one of the constellation of magnificent writers whose work, along with the annals of their tragic destiny preserved, recovered, discovered in translation over the past twenty-five years, has made the Russian twentieth century an event that is (or will prove to be) equally formative and, it being our century as well, far more importunate, impinging.

[October 1983]

The Bergen Evening Record

The Honeymoon's over for two New Age pioneers:

I'm a gay man and have had a wonderful, secure, I think, relationship with a man for almost two years. I have a top job that pays well and my friend enjoys being the perfect homemaker. The problem is that he is too perfect. He has great taste and has refurnished and decorated the apartment but he's so tidy and clean I feel nervous if I put an ash in an ashtray. He's a compulsive cleaner.

I mean, if someone steps on the floor, I can see him preparing for the time when it can be wiped up. What does this mean? We're happy. He's not dumb by any means, but he can't see why this is beginning to bother me.

[December 29, 1983]

Esquire

From Movieland, Brian De Palma tells all:

"I always look for the corrosive side of everything," he says. "Very few people seem to transcend that. And those that do are either executed or crucified or shot. For the same reasons, megalomania also fascinates me. Howard Hughes. Elvis's last years. They all seem to wind up in hotel rooms with the drapes drawn, staring at movie screens or TV sets. Those people want everything to be an extension of their own reality. I can identify. Making movies is a lot like that."

[January 1984]

Ms.

Alice Walker, novelist, apprises the convex intelligentsia of her recent artistic researches in the dirt:

Some years ago a friend and I decided to go into the countryside to listen to what the Earth was saying. Because countryside is almost always privately owned, we went to a national forest many miles from the city. By the time we had walked a hundred yards, I felt I need go no further, and laid myself down where I was, across the path in a grove of trees. For several hours I lay there, and other people entering the forest had to walk around me. I hardly noticed them, so intense was my dialogue with the trees.

As I was lying there, really, across their feet, I felt or "heard" with my feelings, the distinct request from them that I had to remove myself. But these are not feet, I thought, peering at them, but roots. Roots do not tell you to go away. It was then that I looked up and around me into the "faces." These "faces" were all middle-aged to old conifers, and they were all suffering from some kind of disease, the most obvious sign of which was a light green fungus, resembling moss and lichen, that nearly covered them, giving them—in spite of the bright spring sunlight—an eerie, fantastical aspect. Beneath this greenish envelopment, the limbs of the trees, the "arms" were bent in a profusion of deformity. Indeed, the trees reminded me of nothing so much as badly rheumatoid elderly people, as I began to realize how difficult it would be for their limbs to move freely in the breeze. Clearly these were sick people, or trees; irritable, angry, and growing old in pain. And they did not want me lying on their gnarled and no doubt aching feet.

[January 1984]

The New York Times

A rap across the knuckles for an obdurate *Times* writer from Miss Rebecca Zorach, standing on the threshold of a happy feminist life:

To the Editor:

In 1976, when I was seven years old, I wrote to *The Times* to point out an example of sexism in an article on dinosaurs. In the intervening years, things apparently have not changed much.

A sentence in your Nov. 29 "Personal Computers" column—"Perhaps these Hall-of-Fame screens [printouts of scores on computer games] will someday become as essential a part of a boy's pocket paraphernalia as baseball cards."—reveals exactly the chauvinistic attitude which, though not intended to be harmful, keeps girls away from video games, computers and math.

While video games are not my favorite pastime, I do enjoy them, as do many girls I know. And I do not like to be told, directly or indirectly that I should not play them or compete for high scores simply because I am a girl.

—Rebecca Zorach
Brunswick, ME, Dec. 8, 1983

[December 20, 1983]

The San Francisco Chronicle

Dr. Sydney Lumet, director of the Rosenberg thriller *Daniel,* laments the state of Yankee politics and the passing of the two private citizens who made perhaps the greatest contribution ever to the spread of nuclear arms:

Lumet said he knew practically nothing about the Rosenberg case at the time and still doesn't. "My feelings are very simple. Whatever they did—*if* they did anything—my government that I love did worse. Far worse. They conspired to punish two radicals in a way that shattered the left wing in America. It was a watershed moment. . . . We are the only country in the world that is without a left wing. It's not normal."

[October 4, 1983]

The Anchorage Daily News

An unblemished record is preserved by the sovereign action of a high-minded Alaskan potentate:

Senator Ted Kennedy did not commit a crime when he allowed his teen-age son to remove a tusk from the state walrus sanctuary at Round Island earlier this month, an investigation by the Anchorage district attorney's office has concluded.

And, although removal of the tusk violated the terms of a permit that allowed his party to visit the Bristol Bay sanctuary, the Massachusetts lawmaker has already remedied the matter by returning the tusk to the State of Alaska, District Attorney Vic Krumm said Monday.

[August 30, 1983]

Time

Ernest's granddaughter Mariel Hemingway comments on her art:

I hope people won't think this movie is about my breasts. I did have the implants. But I didn't do it for the role. It was for me, truly.

[December 26, 1983]

Sojourners

A wimp goes to the talkies:

An Officer And A Gentleman is a troubling movie. Critically acclaimed and widely accepted by the public, it is the artistic standout of a handful of recent films whose themes promote a renewed acceptance of the military in our society. . . .

The film ends with a newly commissioned and white-uniformed Zach carrying Paula out of her paper factory (to the cheers of her fellow workers). The pauper who weeks earlier had no options is now a prince of the Navy, the factory maid his princess. This archetypal happy ending engages the viewer—to the point of tears, and we feel happy for this young couple. But the price of their "liberation" is high. We have just hired another nuclear trigger-man, and subjugated another military wife.

[December 1982]

The Observer

A youthful Anthony Lewis seized by the Muse poetically describes life and a "non-advocacy campus group" with all the answers:

Imagine if everyone in the United States and the Soviet Union had a gun strapped to his or her head. These guns would be affixed at birth and would be impossible to remove. Everyone from Andropov to peasants in the Ukraine to Paul Newman to South Bend gas station attendants would have one. They would be directly controlled by Moscow and Washington, and could be fired at any time, anywhere, with no escape possible.

Sounds more than a little farfetched, or perhaps it is not. For although we often fail to realize it, this is precisely the situation every individual in the U.S. and U.S.S.R. faces today. . . .

It is long past time that citizens took the issue of nuclear weapons (i.e., the fate of the earth) out of the hands of the "experts," the technologists, the generals and the politicians. Given the present level of destructive potentials, it seems they haven't done a very good job.

If you want to learn more about the gun at your head, and how it might be disposed of, check out Ground Zero, a non-advocacy campus group that promotes education on the questions of nuclear arms.

[October 14, 1983]

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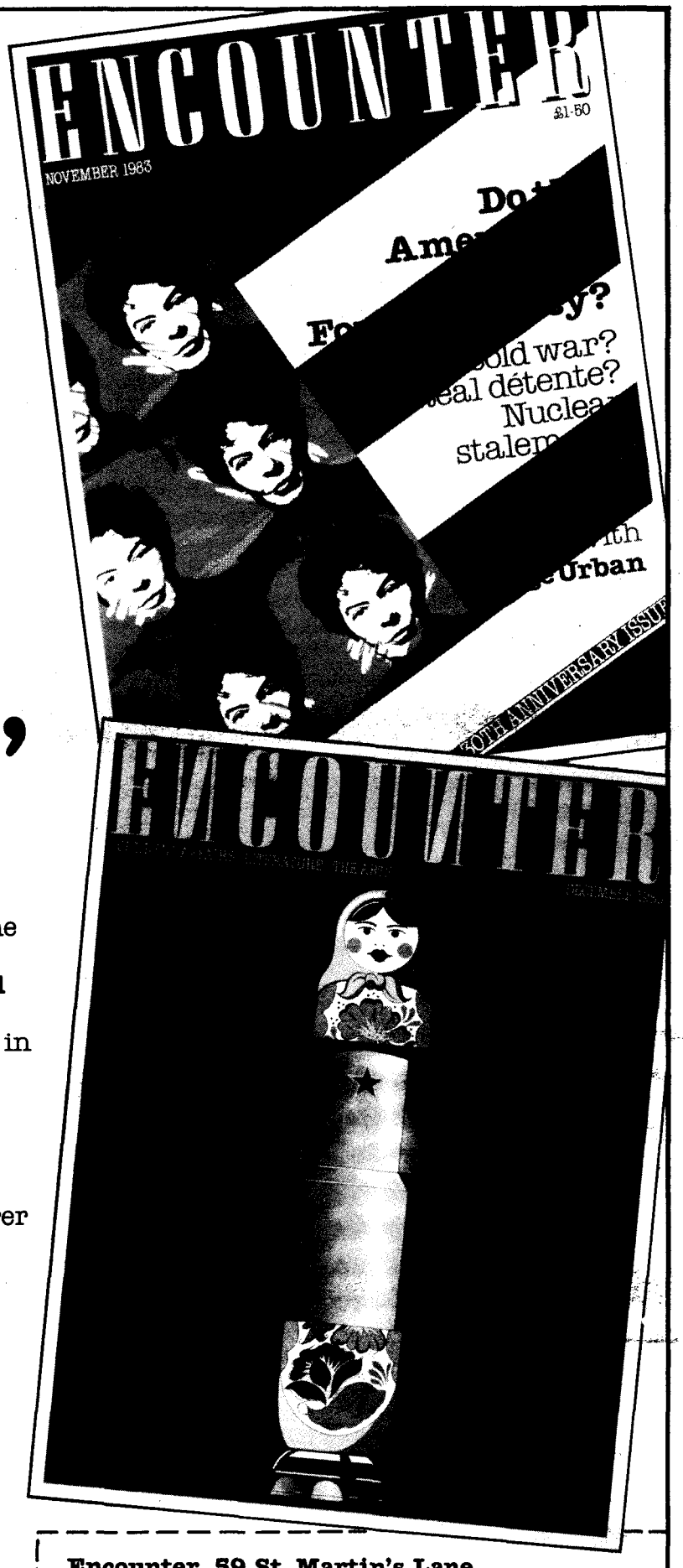

So one of Britain's leading political commentators, **Peregrine Worsthorne,** wrote of ENCOUNTER in 1983, shortly before the magazine's 30th anniversary. He was echoing the opinion of the **International Herald Tribune** ("Encounter ... one of the few great beacons of English-language journalism"), of **George Will** in **Newsweek** ("indispensable"), of **Bernard Levin** in the **London Times** ("never produces an edition without something in it that is well worth reading and not to be found elsewhere") ... and many others.

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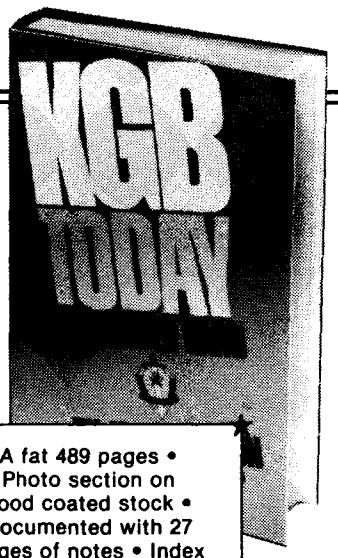

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